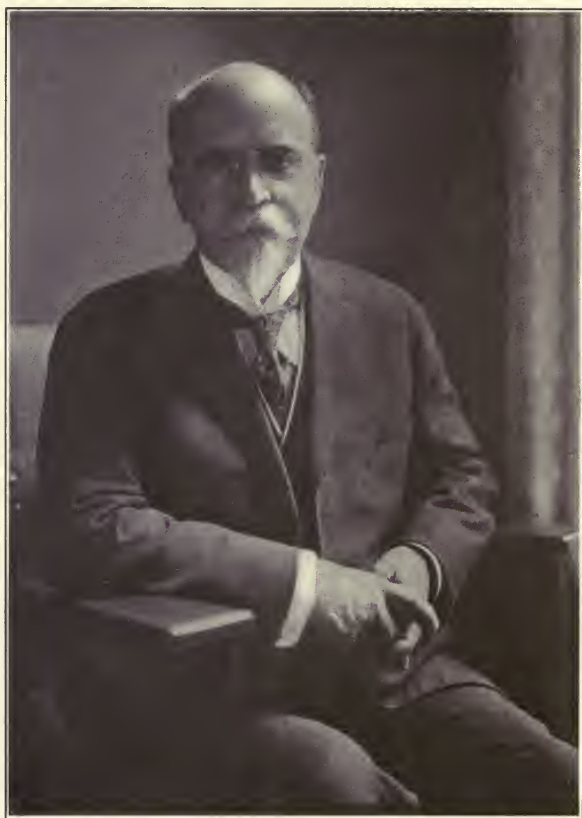


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EDGAR H. WEBSTER

CHUMS AND BROTHERS

AN INTERPRETATION OF A SOCIAL GROUP OF
OUR AMERICAN CITIZENRY WHO ARE IN
THE FIRST AND LAST ANALYSIS "JUST FOLKS"

BY

EDGAR H. WEBSTER

Principal of Normal Department, Atlanta University



BOSTON

RICHARD G. BADGER

THE GORHAM PRESS

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The Gorham Press, Boston, U. S. A.

TO

SILAS X. FLOYD

BENJAMIN F. ALLEN

GEORGE A. TOWNS

NATHANIEL W. COLLIER

WILLIAM A. ROGERS

ALONZO H. BROWN

JAMES G. LEMON

EUGENE H. DIBBLE, JR.

HARRY B. PETERS

JOHN P. WHITTAKER

AND THE THOUSAND OTHER YOUTH OF
ATLANTA UNIVERSITY

WHO WERE IN MY EARLIER YEARS AT ATLANTA AS MY
CHUMS AND MY BROTHERS, AND IN THESE
LATER YEARS AS MY SONS

CONTENTS

	PAGE
PRO APOLOGIA VITA SUA	9
THE A. U. SPIRIT	12
FIFTY YEARS OF FREEDOM	15
MRS. LUCY E. CASE	18
WHY NOT MAKE FRIENDS? I	26
BEING A FRESHMAN	32
THREE CRITICAL POINTS IN AMERICAN HISTORY	38
"THE TOGA VIRILIS"	43
BREAKING THE LAW	52
THE EUROPEAN WAR A CONFLICT OF IDEALS	58
AN OUTING WITH TANNER	63
STUDENT BIOGRAPHIES	71
NOVEMBER 17, 1915	76
A NEW YEAR'S MESSAGE—1916	83
A LAY SERMON	90
IN THE DAY COACH	96
THE NEGRO—A REVIEW	100
TRUE BLUE	112
WHY NOT MAKE FRIENDS? II	122
"THE CAR SHED"	128
COLORLED BOYS IN CAMP AT FORT DES MOINES	133
AT FORT DES MOINES	137
THE OLD CAR SHED AGAIN	141
A LABORATORY STUDY IN SOCIOLOGY	146
FROM THE CANTONMENTS, I	153

	PAGE
FROM THE CANTONMENTS, II	160
AN OPEN LETTER	167
A NEW YEAR'S MESSAGE—1918	175
FROM THE CANTONMENTS, III	180
THE UNIVERSITY AND THE CHURCH	187
"BON VOYAGE"	193
WITH THE MEN IN KHAKI	200
FROM "OVERSEAS"	210
THE MOTHER COUNTRY	225
THE MILLS OF THE GODS	229
SUPPOSE IT HAD BEEN YOUR SON?	238
THINKING BLACK ABOUT AFRICA	242

CHUMS AND BROTHERS

CHUMS AND BROTHERS

PRO APOLOGIA VITA SUA

SOME years ago, a friend, not born to the purple but to the Negro race, a former student in my classes, who had taken a professional course and was now a successful practising physician, called upon us at our home. He came up the front walk as our friends do, was invited in at the front door, and sat with my wife and myself in our front room where we receive our guests. The conversation took many a turn, for our caller was and is a widely-read man, and who can tell a story and tell it well. But finally the conversation turned upon the race-question as our conversations are apt to turn. And in closing up a discussion which had some painful elements, our friend remarked:

“There are three classes of white folks in this country, Northern white folks, Southern white folks, and You-folks. The Northern white folks do not pretend to understand us; the Southern white think that they do understand us, but they are mistaken, they do not understand us. But You-folks, you un-

derstand us. You know that we are 'just folks.'"

At another time we, my wife and myself, were dining with some friends. We were their guests. Our host was a Negro educator, the President of a well-known school for colored youth. The dinner was a good one, tastefully served in a home whose appointments betokened both means and culture. After the meal had been fully discussed, the ladies by some subtle sympathy left us men to ourselves, and talked together of the things that interested them. As neither he nor I smoked, cigars were not in order, but we had a heart to heart talk. Finally my host said to me and of me, "You have been so long a time with us, and so identified with our people, that sometimes we forget that you are not one of us, and we talk with you as we talk among ourselves."

I thought at the time and I still think that that was about the finest compliment that a man could receive. It was about that time that I began to write short articles for some of the colored papers, articles in which perhaps the fundamental note was an endeavor to interpret the colored people to themselves and to such white people as might read the articles as "Just Folks."

It is with the hope that this interpretation may come before a wider constituency, that I have collected some of these papers and added some others and put them into a book. While each article is

in a sense complete in itself, and while the occasions which called them forth have in a sense passed, there is a thread of unity running through them, perhaps only the desire to show my friends as "Just Folks."

THE A. U. SPIRIT

DURING the summer just passed (1919), I received a letter from a student, who wrote somewhat out of his heart thus:—"I entered Atlanta University last fall because of the Student Army Training Camp. I became so imbued with the A. U. spirit, that after the camp closed I remained and I am hoping that I may be able to come back and finish my course."

It is a subtle matter, this college spirit. Perhaps each school has it. And yet it is different in different schools. The Harvard spirit is not the Yale spirit, nor is the A. U. spirit quite that of its sister schools.

Three times since '65, at least three times, have the colored people of the United States felt a great disappointment. The first, perhaps, was the result of the reaction of 1877, when the Negro governments were overturned and the present regime in the South inaugurated. However sympathetic we may be toward the South in the overthrow of its social and its economic regime, we ought to be similarly sympathetic toward the Negroes as we realize how bitterly all their anticipations of Freedom were dis-

appointed. In the second place, the Negroes threw themselves heartily into the Spanish-American war and still recall San Juan Hill. They saw the South demonstrate its loyalty and come back into the sisterhood of the states, and they did not understand why their own loyalty to the country and their own prowess in the war did not assist in a fair solution of their own problem. Thirdly, having subscribed liberally to Liberty Bonds and Thrift Stamps, having accepted cheerfully all the limitations placed upon us all by a war situation, and having sent their sons to the training-camps and to the front, where these Negro youth made a record not surpassed by their white soldier-comrades—the race having shown an unexampled loyalty during these critical months, the disappointment comes, that although the Negro fought to make “democracy safe for the world and the world safe for democracy,” he finds the old bureaucratic regime for him still existing, and the mob-law and the lynch-law of the past thirty years, still operative.

The Negro soldier boys in France found themselves for the first time not embarrassed by the fact that they were Negroes. This is epitomized in a sentence from a letter which was published in a northern magazine during last year, and taken from the letter by the white officer who acted as censor.

“Mother, I have to look in the glass to assure myself that I am colored.”

Years ago, in his student life at Atlanta University, the Reverend Leigh Maxwell remarked, "I never think of myself as colored when on the A. U. campus. But the moment I step off the South Hall walk into the street, then I know that I am a Negro."

Some years ago at a gathering of graduates and former students at some school function, one of the party, when called upon to make some remarks, said: "When I get discouraged and disheartened at the restrictions that surround us, I go out and walk around the Atlanta University campus, that little bit of New England upon the red clay hills of North Georgia, and I begin to feel enheartened and encouraged."

The underlying thought of the Negro upon the factors of his situation is, on the whole, saner than that of the Southern white folks. "Forty acres and a mule" long since ceased to have attraction. He does not ask charity, but he does ask justice. He is not ashamed to be a Negro, but he is angered at the restrictions that his African lineage places upon him. All he asks is that the Democratic spirit which is the thing we fought for shall come to him and his children. That spirit he finds or thinks he finds exemplified upon the campus of Atlanta University. Here if anywhere in the South,

The rank is but the guinea's stamp;
The man's the gold for a' that.

FIFTY YEARS OF FREEDOM

WHAT THE RACE HAS ACCOMPLISHED

THE following table is printed in the first annual report of the Illinois Commission (National) Half Century Anniversary of Negro Freedom. The table may be put down as trustworthy. It should be cut out by every Colored man, carefully pasted on a sheet of card-board and kept before the mirror, that it may attract his attention and arouse a genuine satisfaction in the progress of the Colored race since 1865.

CONDITION OF THE RACE IN 1863

Population, slaves	3,953,760
Population, free	487,960

Total	4,441,720
-------------	-----------

Illiteracy	90%
Value of property, estimated	\$1,200,000
Colleges and universities	1
College graduates, estimated	30
Physicians and pharmacists	0

Lawyers	0
Banks owned by Negroes	0
Number of Negro towns	0
Number of newspapers.....	1
Number of churches owned	400
Value of church property, estimated at ..	\$500,000
Membership of Negro churches, estimated at	40,000
Number of children in schools, estimated at	25,000

A HALF CENTURY OF FREEDOM, CONDITIONS IN 1913

Total Negro population (U. S.)	9,828,294
Homes owned by Negroes	500,000
Churches owned by Negroes	31,393
Church membership	3,207,305
Sunday schools	24,380
Sunday school scholars	1,448,570
Illiteracy, Census 1910	30.5%
Value of property, estimated at ..	\$1,000,000,000
Number of farms owned	250,000
Value of church property	\$65,000,000
College and University graduates	8,000
Professional men	75,000
Practising physicians, estimated at	3,500
Practising lawyers.....	1,500
Number of business men, estimated at	50,000
Children in schools	2,000,000
Number of Negro towns	50
Number of Negro teachers	30,000

Land owned by Negroes, acres	20,000,000
Or square miles	31,000
Drug stores	300
General store and other enterprises	20,000
Newspapers and periodicals	398
Hospitals and nurse training schools	61
Banks owned by Negroes	72
Insurance companies	100
62.2% of all Negroes in the United States, 10 years of age and over, are engaged in gainful occu- pations.	
Property owned by Negro secret societies	\$8,000,000
Capital stock in Negro banks	\$2,000,000
Annual business done by Negroes	\$20,000,000

The Illinois Commission was appointed by Governor Dunne in response to an act of the Forty-eighth General Assembly of Illinois to arrange HALF-CENTURY ANNIVERSARY OF NEGRO FREEDOM.

An exposition, having reference to this anniversary, will be held at the Exposition Coliseum, Chicago, Ill., during the month of August, 1915. It is the purpose of the commission to make the exposition a national affair.

Copies of this report and other matter of interest may be obtained by addressing the Illinois Commission, Half-Century of Negro Freedom, 128 N. La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.

MRS. LUCY E. CASE

MR. LUCY E. CASE, originally of Sutton, Mass., and for forty-five years officially connected with the Atlanta University, passed quietly away at her home in Charlton City, Mass., July 19, 1914. The funeral services were held in the Congregational Church, Friday afternoon, in the midst of surroundings familiar to Mrs. Case in her early years, and to which she had returned when the increasing infirmities of advancing years prevented her continuing actively in the work in which she had spent so many useful years.

The simple service was one that she, herself, had planned, and which we were glad to carry out. Dr. Horace Bumstead, with whom Mrs. Case worked at the University during much of her time of service, outlined the life of Mrs. Case, two of the graduates sang as she had requested certain of the "Old Time Songs," and each of us spoke briefly of the influence and large outcome of her life. As one of the graduates said, the service was not altogether one of sadness. There were the clear air, the bright sunshine, the beauty of flowers, the song of birds,

and Mrs. Case. To how many of the students of Atlanta University will the words "Mrs. Case" call up the gracious little woman whose influence was so marked, so pervasive, and so beneficent!

Mrs. Case's early years were spent in New England. Her father was a thrifty and successful farmer, living upon the farm first cleared by his ancestors, and still in the possession of descendants of the original settler. As a young girl Mrs. Case attended Leicester Academy, from which she was called home at fourteen to the bedside of her dying mother. This experience was followed by six years of invalidism which left their impress upon her fragile form, but also left their influence upon her Christian character. She knew suffering all her life and was made strong thereby.

For some time she attended Mount Holyoke Seminary and came under the influence of Mary Lyon. And who can claim that this influence was not perpetuated in the thirty years of active service that Mrs. Case later gave to the sons and daughters of the Freedmen? Perhaps the spirit of Mary Lyon still lives in hundreds of homes, schools, and communities in the South, Mrs. Case herself being the personality that disseminated the spirit that she herself caught from Mary Lyon.

The Mount Holyoke life was followed by her marriage. Her married life, although brief, was apparently a very happy one. To the surprise of

her Southern friends, Mrs. Case possessed considerable talent for versification. A poem, read at the funeral and written upon the anniversary of her husband's death, shows a great deal of poetic insight. Another poem, based upon the story of the lame man at the Gate Beautiful and which had this comment upon it, "A School Exercise. 51½ hours," may serve to illustrate something of the pertinacity which she showed toward set tasks and also something of the quality of her scholarship.

The Civil War being closed, Mrs. Case joined the army of teachers that went South to the work of educating the Freedmen for citizenship. Under the American Missionary Association she worked for a year at Macon, Ga., and for a year at Albany, Ga. There are people still living in Albany, who recall the little woman that somehow entered their lives and left there a deep New England impress.

Following the year at Albany, Mrs. Case was appointed a teacher in the Atlanta University, then about to open its doors. She was present to meet the first class that entered the school in 1869. Her name appears upon every catalogue from the first to the forty-fifth, either as an active worker or as honorary matron. Beginning as a teacher in many lines, with the growing number of pupils and the better organization of the work, finally she became matron in the Boys' Hall. Perhaps it was here that she did her most useful and most lasting work.

Many a grown man living today a useful and worthy life looks back gratefully to a quiet interview with Mrs. Case, in which admonition for work neglected or rebuke for wrong done or censure for opportunity wasted might close with a talk of great spiritual earnestness, and a prayer which left him with a great purpose awakened.

The purpose that Mrs. Case had in her work in the Boys' Hall (South Hall) is illustrated by this incident. I had hardly made my entrance upon the Campus as one of the new teachers, in 1887, when I was invited into her rooms, and she said, "I notice that you wear your hat in South Hall. We try to make South Hall a home and not a dormitory, and so we require the boys to remove their hats and we expect the teachers to set them the example." In all the years since, I never enter the Boys' Building without that gentle admonition coming to mind.

Perhaps the strength of Mrs. Case's character is best shown by the grace with which she could yield her scepter after having for so many years held it. The second matron of the Boys' Hall hesitated a long time before accepting the position, knowing that the first matron would remain among the scenes where she had ruled so long. "But never," said her successor, "did Mrs. Case, in any way, by look, word or act, make the work hard for me." That is, when she who had been queen, became

queen-dowager, she resigned absolutely, so that her presence made easier and not harder a position hard enough in itself. And when with advancing years it seemed best that her home should be transferred from the Campus to New England, she quietly accepted the decision without a word of complaint, though it may be in the spirit of the Apostle who said "I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith." On her sixtieth birthday, the Junior class gave Mrs. Case a reception in the Girls' Hall, which some still recall. It will please the young women of that class to know that the quotations selected by each and written upon cards and bound with a ribbon and presented at that time, were among Mrs. Case's effects, and a number of them were read at the funeral. The closing quotation expresses perhaps, the attitude of Mrs. Case's mind during her closing years.

For age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, tho' in another dress;
And as the evening twilight fades away,
The sky is filled with stars, invisible by day.

Two movements are distinctly discernible in the South today among the whites. One is a forward movement, which recognizes the disabilities and restrictions under which the Negro lives, and which presses for Justice and Opportunity for the Freedman's children, the other a reactionary movement

which seems to hark back to the dominant sentiment following the War. This is a sentiment which holds on to as much of the facts of slavery as the new forms would permit. It was this spirit which required the return of the Northern army and which led "to the awful mistakes and hardships of Reconstruction." While I would comment upon these as "both real and fancied," I would ask what there was in the work of Mrs. Case and of others like her to which the most pronounced reactionary can take exception?

Two sentiments are in the South today concerning the Negro. The following quotation illustrates one of these:—"The Negro is not only here, but he is improving wonderfully in education and in the acquisition of property. The statistics are beyond correcting; the fact is, that the race is making forward strides away from gross illiteracy and dependent poverty." The following quotation illustrates the second:—"We say," a Church paper said only a few weeks ago, "that in fifty years of freedom the Negro has advanced so little that his condition is not encouraging."

But the writer goes on and says, "If that be true, it is a grave indictment of us white folks, for the Negro has these fifty years accepted the conditions we have furnished him; if there are no encouraging signs after our management of him for fifty years, the difficulty lies with the management." If the

Negro in freedom has failed, Mrs. Hammond places the failure upon the Southern whites. But Dr. Dillard refers to the statistics to show that the Negro has made forward strides. An average of the two views might lead to the conclusion that the Negro has made progress, but would have advanced farther under a more sympathetic attitude and management in the South. This leads to the inevitable conclusion that such progress as the Negro has made is the result of an innate capacity for progress, plus the influence of that body of trained teachers from the North who in the past half century have been teaching Negro youth. Of these Mrs. Case is but one significant example.

The passing of Mrs. Case in a sense closes an era in the history of the Freedmen. Mrs. Case was probably the last survivor of the little band that in '69 opened for the first time the doors of Atlanta University. Perhaps with her death an era closes in which the "forward movement" of the colored race has been accomplished by the Negro himself, aided by his Northern friends and held back, as Mrs. Hammond suggests, by "Southern management."

May it not be that the new half-century shall see to it that not two but three forces are cooperating for the solution of that vexing problem known as "the Southern problem." In this solution, we count first "the innate capacity of the Negro for progress"; second, a more sympathetic management on the

part of the white South, as shown by the forward movement referred to above; and third, the continued assistance of the North. The result will be an ever-widening securing of Justice and Opportunity for all the sons and daughters of all the nationalities and races that call this broad land "our Country."

WHY NOT MAKE FRIENDS?

I

WHILE the Old World is rocking with the shock of war, while many of the nations involved have to face not only the foe from without, but alienated, unassimilated subjects within, who will either refuse to fight or give but half-hearted support to their rulers, the United States has never been more united, more virtually one, than now."

This was written by an Austrian-Slav, who has become an American man of letters, and who knows whereof he speaks. Listen to this, from an American editor of a St. Louis paper:

"We have in this country a wonderful mixture of races, but the population does not remain mixed. The differences disappear. Many kinds of metal go into the melting pot, but only one kind comes away. The children of Germans, Italians, Hungarians, Poles, Greeks, Syrians, and Jews from the cities of the Pale mingle in our streets, and in our schools, and come out singing the same songs, cheering the same flag, reverencing the same heroes, and holding the same essential ideas of liberty and government."

"Europe has the same mixture, but the melting pot is cold. The races live side by side, clinging tenaciously each to its own language, and dress, and social customs and traditions and prejudices. . . . And this because these mixtures in Europe are not self-governing, . . . but one race is lording it over another and forcing that other to do things that it would not do if it were free."

If Central Europe must go to war with Eastern Europe and Western Europe it would help the offensive if there were no Slav-problem in Austria-Hungary, no Polish problem on the eastern boundary of Germany, and no subject-French in Alsace and Lorraine on the western. That is, if Germany has been preparing for forty years, as we understand, for the war she so suddenly thrust upon Europe when she attempted to cross the neutral border of Belgium, she would have done well during that time by some method of benevolent assimilation to have made friends with the aliens within her boundaries.

As to the defensive, the warring factions of England flowed together at once upon the declaration of war. But Great Britain has a delicate situation in South Africa and a similar situation in India, which today may make England wish that for the last half-century she had been cultivating friendship with the 400,000,000 of her darker Aryan subjects, instead of treating them with "a racial arrogance which looks with contempt upon those of

all shades of color and which denies to them, not only equality with (Englishmen) but also some of the most elementary rights of fellow-citizens," so that "membership in the British Empire carries with it neither equality of rights nor parity of opportunity (to the Indian)."

How much more effective would be Russia in her attack upon Germany, if she could count upon a steadfast loyalty on the part of Finland, or of the 12,000,000 Russian Poles who separate Russia from Germany! How the Czar must recall his broken pledges to both as he issues new ukases of privilege and autonomy! How the Russian Bureaucracy must wish that a friendly interest had guided them in the handling of the great body of the Russian serfs, so that by "equality of rights and parity of opportunity" they might have become as efficient soldiers, man for man as are the German soldiery in the present crisis.

No war reaches the conclusion that was anticipated at its beginning. A contemporary calls attention to these facts: that Slavery ceased in the United States with the close of the war of '61-'65, a result not planned by either party to the war; that the French Republic arose out of the Franco-Prussian War of 1870, another result far remote from the thought of either nation; that the Russian Duma was the most unexpected outcome of the Russo-Japanese war. What will be the out-

come of the present war, perhaps one will prophesy in the line of his hopes. To me this is certain, that however the resort to arms may culminate, it will be followed by a great development of the Democratic idea in Europe, as upon every nation involved will be pressed the great desirability of having friends within the nation's borders.

But is the United States so "virtually one" that it needs not the lesson of "making friends"?

The editor quoted above noted that "an assistant superintendent of schools in St. Louis was entertaining a visiting German educator. He took him to a room where various kinds of Slavs and Orientals were mixed in a wonderful manner with a sprinkling of children from native American families. Wishing to show the visitor the large number of foreign children present he asked the American children to rise. Every child stood on his feet."

There you have it! The melting pot in operation. But no colored child stood on his feet. And why? There were none there. All were native born Americans. They sing the same hymns, salute the same flag, venerate the same heroes as do the children of the European immigrant and the native born white child. But mark the difference! without that commingling, fraternizing, socializing, and democratizing influence which moulds, welds, and fuses the representatives of different European na-

tionalities into the body of American citizens.

"I look upon Germany," said a German-American, "as a man looks upon his mother; I look upon the United States as a man looks upon his bride." By implication, he would forsake all for his bride. The Negro is both son and bridegroom to this his native country. What are we doing for the Negro?

The mayor of Luxemburg rolled his automobile across a bridge and opposed himself to an advancing German army corps. He held out the treaty in which the great nations of Europe covenanted to respect the neutrality of Luxemburg. The German officer drew his revolver and said, "My orders are to go on." The Psalmist asks,

"Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? Who shall dwell in thy holy hill?"

And one answer is:—"He (the nation?) that sweareth to his (its?) own hurt and changeth not."

Now the saddest thing of this European war is the downfall of the expectation that the world had somehow reached the point that international treaties would be held sacred. How about guarantees within the nation? The Negro feels, rightly or wrongly, that toward him national guarantees have no meaning. A great war centered around him. A dozen years of stormy history followed, in which certain phrases apparently in his interest became a part of the constitution of his native land. At the outcome, he thought then, and still thinks

himself, a citizen. But he finds himself the subject of special legislation in which he has no voice, the victim of restrictions to which no immigrant from Europe is subjected, and there are frequent hints of further limitations upon the sphere of his activities.

And the Negro wonders "Why?" and asks if he is always to be outside the melting pot. But if the unthinkable should have to be thought out, if the unimaginable should become actual, if the President of the United States should call upon every able-bodied man from 18 to 45 years to volunteer to defend the country against a combined invasion on the part of Canada, the nations of Europe, those of South America, and those of the Orient, shoulder to shoulder with the native born Anglo Saxon soldier, and with the European immigrant soldier made American through the "melting pot," would be the native born Negro soldier. In which of the wars of his country has he ever been absent?

I prophesy, Laddie, a remarkable development of the Democratic idea in European countries as the result of the present war. This will show itself by the taking into partnership in economical, educational, governmental affairs all the members of the races that live within the nation. Why may not this country learn this same lesson out of the European war, and cultivate friendship with all the children of men who reside within our borders?

September, 1914.

BEING A FRESHMAN

M^Y *dear* ———

Your mother writes me that she has seen you in your college home; that you are in the most beautiful college town she has ever seen; that she has seen the Athletic field, the golf links, and the commons; and she has decided that you were right in going to a so called small college and in not allowing yourself to be lost in a large college. She says that you have made the Freshman base-ball team and that you are enrolled in the subsidiary choir. She also notes that you have only fifteen in your class, and that instead of meeting instructors you meet the head professors. Best of all from the mother's standpoint, that you recently made "B" in German. All this appeals to her, and I am not sure but that she has correctly diagnosed the case of the small college against the large college.

I rejoice with you and for you, my dear boy, that you enter college halls under such pleasant surroundings and with such awakening opportunities. President Hyde in answer to the question:

"Does College Pay?"

says:

“To be at home in all lands and all ages; to count Nature a familiar acquaintance and Art an intimate friend; to get a standard for the appreciation of other men’s work and the criticism of one’s own; to carry the key of the world’s library in one’s pocket; and to feel its resources in whatever he undertakes, to make hosts of friends among the men of one’s age who are to be leaders in all walks of life; to lose one’s self in generous enthusiasm and co-operation with others for common ends; to learn manners from students who are gentlemen; and to form character from professors who are Christians, these are the returns of a college for the best four years of one’s life.”

I do not know that Dr. Hyde’s answer needs any expanding. But I will emphasize two of his points. And first, if you may not expect to be a leader in the world of action you will in your college life make “hosts of friends” among those who are to be leaders. You will come to appreciate that the difference is not one of kind but one of degree. In fact, greatness and leadership are so frequently matters of accident, that you may feel some day, and feel properly, that but for accident you might have become as great as is your friend; and that you appreciate his greatness because his qualities are yours.

And again, you can hardly expect to meet later in life a set of men of whom you can be so sure as you can be of your college professors and teach-

ers. Those men are not "working you." They are working for you. And to live in daily contact with men whose sole purpose is a generous giving of themselves for your enlargement and future usefulness, is to live about as near heaven as one can on this earth. And the influence of such contact ought to be to send you out into the business of life ready to render disinterested service to your generation.

I think that I shall put first among all the advantages of college years, this daily contact with vigorous young life, out of which is to develop the men of the future; and second, this contact with the men of the present, men who are masters in their departments and who will not only lead you into the fields of knowledge, but who will influence your own thinking and character by their own standards.

But there is a third advantage which will come to you and which perhaps looms larger before you than do any of the others cited in the quotation above. You will recall a conversation around your mother's table one evening in the summer just closed when three of us were discussing your opening college career. And one of you remarked, . . . it was not you, nor was it I:—

"You are going to college to get a diploma. Get it by any means that you can; but get it."

It was a startling remark. We wondered if it represented college ethics, even as a similar remark, "Get money, my boy. Get it honestly if you can;

but get it," is said to represent certain forms of business ethics.

But this does lead to the thought that in our modern life the possession of a college degree as evidenced by a college diploma carries with it certain economic and social advantages which give the parchment a tremendous value in the eyes of those who do not hold it or who are seeking it. One of New York's most successful lawyers was so impressed with this that he seriously contemplated in his later years throwing aside his very lucrative practice that he might enter college halls and graduate.

This valuation is not inherent in the diploma itself. It is not a valuation placed upon it by college faculties or boards of trustees. It is a valuation which has come partly as the outcome of the changing idea of the college and partly because of the men-out-of-college themselves. Your grandfather's diploma was a certificate of entrance upon a professional school through which he made his entrance upon his professional career. In his day the college was practically a fitting school. Today it is largely an end in itself. It is possible that the development of the university idea may bring the college back to its earlier scope. But I rather doubt it. For illustration, the Harvard man is he who has received his bachelor-degree at Harvard. This makes him a Harvard man as no higher degree can.

The possession of the bachelor's degree will later give you entrance into any college or university club in any city in which you may reside. It introduces you to the entire circle of college men in the place. It becomes a letter of recommendation which may open up to you valuable social or business opportunities. It puts you into an elect and desirable company as nothing else can.

There lies upon my desk a report, containing a long list of names of persons more or less notable. Their names give recommendation to any organization. Most of the names are followed by letters indicating scholarship or honorary degrees. Following one name are the letters D. D. and Ph. D. I know that they do not belong there. By what fell scheme in the mind of the printer's devil they got there may never be revealed. But there they are. And their presence in a place where they do not belong, discounts, so far as I am concerned, the entire list of degrees in the report.

Imagine the man who possesses a college degree that he knows he has not earned. He finds himself received as belonging to the college cult with all its titles and advantages. Must he not wonder how many of the others are like himself, grafters, and must he not raise the question:—Is not the whole thing based upon fraud, and has it any real value of its own?

Dr. Brown, of Yale, writes:—

"The young fellow at college finds himself suddenly injected into a crowd of students who are foes to sobriety, clean living, intellectual achievement."

Despite the opportunities and advantages alluded to in the body of my note these are some of the temptations that go with college life. Perhaps the most insidious of these is the temptation to demand the diploma without earning it.

Some one has described a college faculty as "a body of men who having received degrees, make it hard for other men to get them." It is the duty of the faculty to shield the great body of graduate college men from unworthy additions, whether from the standpoint of character, native ability or intellectual achievement.

Amid all the distraction and allurements of college life may you come to your last Commencement, a knight, without fear and without reproach.

Faithfully your friend.

THREE CRITICAL POINTS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

MODERN history is written in the cartoon. It has been reported that as Boss Tweed, of Tammany notoriety, reached the coast of Spain in his flight from justice in New York, he was arrested, not because of papers issued against him but because a cartoon, published in a New York paper, represented him as fleeing with a bag of gold. This cartoon had met the eye of a Spanish official who recognized the likeness in the drawing and who held him while the United States was notified that they held the man safe in custody.

A recent cartoon represents the Bull Moose as dead and lying on his bier covered with a shroud. A floral tribute lies upon his breast bearing the words, "Rest in Peace." The letters "T. R." upon a card tied to the ribbon on the tribute indicate the donor. The Democratic donkey, with a wide mourning band upon his hat, stands weeping, and says,

"He was my best friend."

The G. O. P. elephant is dancing and singing:—

"Ah! Ha! I did it."

And he carries in his hand (?) a big stick with the legend: "Nov. Election, 1914."

And the gopher looks on disconsolately and remarks: "What shall we do without him in 1916?"

Years ago in the city of Boston and, I believe, on its then main street, a young man found himself suddenly one of a mob that was leading another with a rope around his neck to a convenient lamp-post. Fortunately the police interfered or it might have gone hard that night with William Lloyd Garrison. But the incident remained in the mind of Wendell Phillips and led him to the next meeting of the Abolition Party in Old Faneuil Hall, "The Cradle of Liberty," at which time he spoke words that still burn. It is rather the fashion in this day to decry the work of that little band of agitators known as the "Abolitionist Party," and the constructive work of Lincoln and of Sumner is held up in contrast. This is all right, but it must be recalled that Phillips and Garrison could do no constructive work. Up to the night when Wendell Phillips took up the cause of the slave, there was no position in the public service of Massachusetts to which he might not have aspired. After that first fatal address in which he took sides on the great social problem before the country, there was nothing left for him but to become a prophetic "voice." And how effective a "voice" he became, the history of the past sixty years attests.

Years passed. The scene has shifted to Chicago where the Republican party sat in Convention to nominate its presidential candidates. Against the protests of a small but influential minority, James G. Blaine, of Maine, was nominated as the party leader. That night, George William Curtis, editor and an essayist of no mean order, the most popular lecturer upon the American lecture platform, and having within his grasp any political preferment that he might have asked at the hands of the Republican Party in the state of New York, bolted the nomination.

All that was said of George William Curtis and his small company of followers in the daily papers of that time would be interesting reading now. The word "Mugwump" is one addition to our English Dictionary that remains. Just why George William Curtis bolted the nomination of Blaine I do not now recall. Perhaps it was Blaine's record in Congress. But in that "bolt," Independency and Mugwumpery became respectable and both parties have ever since had an eye to the independent voter, who, having no hope of office or of consideration of any sort from party leaders, votes for men and measures, and has become the balance wheel in our political system.

Again the scene returns to Lake Michigan, and again the Republican convention is in progress. Personally I felt it a mistake that "The hat was put in the ring." And yet, Mr. Taft had made two

serious mistakes, one with the tariff and one with the conservation policies bequeathed him by his predecessor in office. While one cannot say but that Mr. Taft might have been elected to succeed himself, had Mr. Roosevelt kept his hat out of the ring, it is extremely improbable. The call to Mr. Roosevelt to enter the contest was extremely loud. The election showed that he was the party candidate, though not the candidate of the organization. The "steam-roller" was applied. Mr. Roosevelt followed the example of George William Curtis and bolted. The Progressive Party was formed.

The popular vote and the vote in the electoral college was divided in the order, Wilson, Roosevelt, Taft. Whether Mr. Roosevelt could have coralled all the Taft vote had the latter been eliminated from the contest and so have succeeded Mr. Taft can never be known. There can be no doubt but that he controlled a large part of the Republican vote that would have gone to Mr. Wilson had the contest not become triangular. Without question, Mr. Wilson is a minority president because of the Progressive movement in the election of 1912.

The cartoon referred to above suggests that the Progressive Party is dead. This may be so. Whether it is or not, it is more than likely that its founder and head has made so many political enemies that there is nothing for him politically in the future. Nevertheless, the Democratic Party at its

Baltimore Convention learned the lesson of the bolt at Chicago, and the Democratic organization did not dare to override the voters of the party by any steam-roller methods. And it will be a long time before any other party organization sets itself against the party wishes.

The Good Book asks:—"Which of your prophets have your fathers not stoned? And ye build them their monuments." Perhaps it would be good advice to say:—"Do not become a prophet unless you are willing to be stoned." Yet the progress of religion, of freedom, and of social uplift goes on because there are prophets who accept the stoning with no special expectation of the monument. These are the men whose sole interest is in the progress of reform.

One of the strange facts in all reform is that the opposition remains out of power, but its principles become a part of the policy of the party in power, and the opposition carries its points though it remains the opposition. Let no one enter the ranks of the Reformer and expect to be popular with his generation or to reach any preferment at its hands. For him there awaits "Crucifixion," but the Cause moves on.

December, 1914.

“THE TOGA VIRILIS”

A STAID New England household was awakened rudely one night just after midnight by the loud cry: “There’s a man in the house! There’s a man in the house!” The startled inmates sprang from their couches, hastily threw on all sorts of wraps, made a quick survey of the house from attic to cellar. As the entire household gathered in the dining-room, the father looked sternly at his oldest son and said:

“What is all this noise that you have made about a man in the house?”

The son lifted himself to his greatest height, threw back his head proudly and said:

“Father, I am the man in the house. I was twenty-one at midnight.”

How well I recall, Laddie, my own twenty-first birthday. How keenly alive! no longer boy, but man! I could sue and be sued in my own name. I could be arrested, tried and convicted, responsible for my own acts. No longer any parental or family shelter for me! At that moment the “toga virilis” of our American citizenship descended upon me. There were its rights, its privileges and its im-

munities. And sobering thought, there were its obligations, its duties, its responsibilities. I could make and unmake careers; I could indicate lines of governmental action.

Lad, I congratulate you that on the morrow in your father's house a boy will step into manhood. In that chamber that you and your brother have occupied so many years the transformation will take place. It will not be your brother. It will be you. Upon you, boy, tomorrow, as upon myself years ago, the "toga virilis" will fall and you. . . .

Why do you interrupt my thought? Whenever, boy, did my imagination run riot over you and about you and for you, that you did not put in the mean rejoinder! Manhood for you an "iridescent dream!" No "toga virilis" for you. And you hand me "the white primary"?

Is there no civic "manhood" for you? The "white primary," boy, is that move on the political chess-board, by which the faction of the South in power had made "a check-mate" to keep itself in perpetual power. And I confess I do not see the move which will break the situation and release the "king." But let the figure go. Is there no comfort anywhere? Must the situation go on forever? Well! forever is a long time! And "many a well laid plan of mice and men" has "gang aft agley."

Does it occur to you, that the state that in '61 entered upon a great civil war to keep you at your

then constitutional valuation of three-fifths of a man somehow out of that conflict elevated you to become five-fifths of a man? And that state would put up a strenuous fight if there were any movement on the part of the national government to reduce you to that valuation in national affairs which your state puts upon you in matters local. If the matter were not serious it would be humorous. Whenever before in all history, in the realm of science, economics or civics, did a man or a state both "eat its cake and save it"? And yet that is what the south did before '61, and what it is doing since. Your racial valuation prior to the war was 1,000,000 out of your total number of 3,000,000 in the matter of state representation in national interests. Today, your racial valuation is man for man, so that your state and your states in the south have a representation in Washington based upon 8,000,000 and more of your folk. In your state every man of the dominant race counts as two and one-third northern men in national affairs. In this state, the ratio is fifteen-eighths; in North Carolina about one and a half; in Florida, one and three-fourths; in Alabama one and three-fourths; in Mississippi two and a quarter; in Louisiana one and three-fourths; in Tennessee one and a quarter. It would seem that some day the better sense of the south would say, "We have an undue preponderance of power in the national councils and we

ought . . .” But, Laddie, when did ever a people willingly relinquish power? Could the south have done this in '61 a great and devastating war might have been averted. Could it do it today. . . . Perhaps that is too much to ask of our human nature.

But be happy, boy, that your state values you as a unit in its interests at Washington, though it does not seem to value you even as a fraction but rather as a cipher in local matters; though I do believe that the tax-gatherer has his own valuation upon you.

I can not help thinking, my boy, that right here is a rift in the cloud. The north is getting a little restive. And it may be that such states as Tennessee and North Carolina that have the least advantage may themselves some time realize the infelicity. In the meantime other influences may be at work. Let me give you a bit of history. In my own state in my young manhood there arose a set of young men, born to the purple, members by inheritance to all the traditions of the Republican party. They were ambitious of preferment within the party. And when the fellows ahead of them should all have died off then their turn would come. But there were too many in the ranks ahead to hold out an alluring prospect. By the time the older men were taken care of politically they themselves would largely have passed off the stage. The only hope lay in a break. And they left the family party and joined the opposition. They became leaders

and most if not all attained positions of public preferment. One became governor and succeeded himself. Senatorial honors might have become his, but that he died in office. There is an interesting and similar situation developing in this very state. Some of the state electorate who did not welcome a Democratic regime and who recognized that a vote for the Republican nominee could have no meaning in the state threw themselves into the third party movement. They did not elect a president. They did not expect to. But they got counted. They dared later to put out an opposition state ticket, and they carried thirty counties. This is only a straw, but it shows a wind. And some day history will repeat itself and a body of strong and ambitious young men in these southern states will find the ranks ahead so full that the only hope of preferment for them will lie in building up an opposition party.

The Irishman, fresh from the old country, and having still upon his boot-heels the mud of the Emerald Isle, was met upon landing by the delegation that proposed to induct him into American citizenship. He was sounded as to his political convictions, and when in reply to his inquiry, "Is there a government here?" he was told that there was, he said;

"Then I'm agin it."

Similarly, my lad, keep up your suffrage fences

and whenever an opposition party lifts its head, say:

“I am with it.”

Whenever in the past, your folk, young man, have expressed themselves it has been on the side of law, order, sobriety and public decency. If the finer men of the south said, “you colored voters will help us to elevate civic life” when has the colored voter failed to respond? Call to mind the cities which in the past have had a temporary release from the city-partnership with intemperance; of the educational systems in cities and counties made possible by the votes of your people combining with those of the whites. Surely as one reflects upon the past and compares it with the present, he must recognize that there is no tyranny to compare with that of the enfranchised over the unfranchised, or the disfranchised. Nevertheless whenever an opportunity offers to assist in public betterment by your vote, let your vote be counted.

It sometimes seems to me that our southern white friends are paying too much attention to the “mint and anise and cummin” and neglecting the “weightier matters of the law.” A recent Russian writer thus characterizes Germany as a nation that “from supplying the world with the best music and literature and philosophy had become an authority of uniforms and decorative dinner-ware. They have fashioned

a great empire but they have become a small people."

So the south seems more intent upon holding the figment of power than of developing a place where the principles of the Declaration of Independence shall find living expression and where there shall be opportunity for all and special privilege for none.

The Russian writer quoted above and who is the daughter of a man who can call himself "Prince" in commenting upon the union of the progressive and the reactionary forces in Russia, says:

"If progressive Russia has joined forces with reactionary Russia for the moment, it is because she feels herself strong enough to postpone her own demands." Even so you can afford to throw yourself with all the influences that make for civic betterment even if for the moment "you postpone your own demands."

Laddie, there is a progressive south. I quote one of its spokesmen:

"If it be true that the Negro has advanced so little in a long fifty years, that is a grave indictment of us white folks, for the Negro has for fifty years accepted the conditions we have furnished him. If there are no encouraging signs the difficulty may lie with the management."

Even poor, discouraged, down-hearted Elijah, was sent home with the knowledge that he had seven

thousand companions. Boy, you are not alone. Your fellows are not alone. There are another seven thousand in this Israel.

But I must not forget my major premise, which was to congratulate you upon receiving tomorrow the "toga virilis." We are told that the old regime was full of poetry and of refined living; full of beautiful women and stalwart men, who lived with open hand and a generous hospitality. It may be so. Grant it if you will for the sake of argument. The system had one fatal defect. It gave all opportunity to one man and all handicap to another. But times are changed and the handicap is largely removed. The opportunity is now yours. But with the opportunity to carve a career comes the responsibility to do so. Opportunity spells responsibility, and you can not now as once you might have done, hide yourself behind any man's back with the plea that

"God and the world have been too much for me."

They also tell us, that under the old regime your folk were carefully sheltered, taken care of, beloved. We are told that it was a happy, care-free life; your wants supplied in health; nursing and medicine in sickness; tears in death. Doubtless it may have been so. There may have been a poetry, an affection, and a shelter in the old regime. I never was there.

But, my boy, infinitely better than the safety

that comes from being sheltered is the safety that comes from being strong. It is the difference between innocence and virtue. The old-time shelter may have given you the one. If in this newer time you are to accomplish anything, you must achieve the other.

Laddie, accept the "toga virilis" with all its limitations and all its responsibilities, and with it and by means of it create in yourself a virtue and a strength that shall some time show itself in "the healing of the nations."

BREAKING THE LAW

ONCE on a time, so the story opens, I chanced to call upon my friend, the druggist, to congratulate him upon his fine new store. I was shown over the establishment, even to the "sanctum sanctorum," where the prescriptions are filled. As we sat there, my friend and I, we discussed all the conveniences and appliances for an up-to-date drug store. And I remarked, "Doctor, I am feeling well. I cannot ask you to fill a prescription for me. But I should like to spend a little money here in honor of your venture. Suppose I go out and invest in a glass of cherry-phosphate?"

My friend quickly replied, "Let me send and have it brought in here."

But I said, "No, Doctor, let me go out and drink with the boys."

So I stood at the fountain and allowed atmospheric pressure to assist me in the enjoyment of a cooling draught, when I happened to discover what had not been very apparent before, namely, that I was in Africa, and that I was breaking the law. I looked furtively around for the man in blue-coat

and brass buttons who might approach, put his hand on me, and say, "Come with me."

As I walked up the avenue I was humiliated as I recalled my own insignificance, for I had crossed a line and nothing had happened.

In Mrs. Stowe's New England story, "Old Town Folks," Harry, the hero, as a very little boy, had a great desire to do something that he knew was wrong. The temptation took the form of a determination to swear. But for a long time the lad had never brought himself up to the point of actually doing the thing that seemed so wicked and so attractive. But one night, in the attic chamber, after his mother had heard him say his prayers, had tucked him safe in bed, and all the house had become quiet, Harry suddenly threw off the cover, sat up in bed, and said the thing he had so longed to say. Then with the speed of thought he crouched down under the clothes and waited. Alas! there was for him no whirlwind, no earthquake, no consuming fire, not even a still small voice. There was for him nothing but a humiliating sense of insignificance in that he had defied the powers that hold the universe together, and his defiance had passed unnoticed.

Would you gain an idea of your real importance in the affairs of this world? Take a basin of water and place it upon the table. Sit before it and, leaning the head upon the left hand, gaze into its

placid depths and count one hundred. Then with the right forefinger rub the forehead three times back and forth. Now carefully put this same forefinger into the water as deep as possible. Count ten aloud. Quickly remove the finger and look for the hole in the water. Its size will indicate to you a close approximation to your indispensability in matters pertaining to this mundane sphere. Thus felt Harry after his little attempt at being wicked, and thus I felt at being unnoticed after my little infraction of the law.

Later in that summer, I found myself in another southern city, in the hottest of all the hot summer weeks. One of those days I was upon the business streets being shown the city by some friends. It was the day when the man who can afford it, dons his Palm Beach suit, his white canvas shoes, and Panama hat and at least looks cool. The heat was bearable but the thirst was not. Finally I spoke out in desperation,

“Friends, is not there some place where we can go and get a cooling drink?”

There was a momentary pause, and one of my hosts said, “Why, yes, let us go over to —— Café and have some soda.”

And so I found myself in —— Café not once but several times in a somewhat prolonged visit in that city. And as we sat around a little table and were

served for the last time, I looked at the proprietor and said to him:—"Doctor, are you aware that you are breaking the law in serving me?"

With the quickness at repartee which so frequently makes me think that there must be a blood bond between the Negro and the Irishman, one of my friends replied,

"Not so! not so! the white man can do as he pleases, the colored man must obey the law."

Still later that summer I was in another southern city. This time I felt more courage. And the first time that I was served at a fountain I asked again my question, or rather I put the same question in a new way. This time I said:—

"Doctor, do you ever serve white people?"

The doctor smiled slightly and replied,

"Yes, occasionally some people from the country drop in not knowing the place and I always serve them."

I could not but ask myself what would happen if a colored man should stray into a white café.

Still later I chanced to be in a town in which only the day before the governor had met an appointment that called together several thousand people from far and near. Sitting in a grocery store that had a soft drink counter, my friend, the proprietor, spoke of the governor's visit and of the crowds in attendance, and he remarked:

"We had a big day's business yesterday."

In reply I inquired,

"Were there a good many colored folk in town also?"

"Yes," was his reply. But we had a large white trade yesterday. We always do on such days."

I must have looked incredulous, for my friend hastened to add,

"The country people feel more at home with us than at the white café up town."

Again I realized that the white man can do as he pleases, and that I had company into the land of "privilege."

I am not sure but that the recitals above bring up my excursions into the land of privilege up to date. In a different line is the following incident. A lad, of whom I think a good deal, was obliged recently to take a night journey across two states. Not being of the privileged class he took the colored coach. He was the only occupant. I have often thought that if I were the president of a Southern railroad, I should frequently be tempted as was the boy Harry, spoken of above, as I found myself daily obliged to haul coaches more or less empty in response to a social demand. But since I am not a railroad president, the temptation does not meet me in just that same way. The night was cold, the steam-fittings were loose, and the car was filled with a cloud above and a flood of water below. Nevertheless, the lad, accustomed to make the best of a

situation, prepared to spend an uncomfortable night. The conductor saw the infelicity, not to say the inhumanity, of the situation and said to the boy, "I will put you where you can be comfortable."

The youth spent the night in the white coach. I have often wondered since what were his thoughts, as thus warm and comfortable he realized a certain danger in his position. Did he pull his cap over his ears? and his coat collar up around his neck? Did he keep his face sedulously away from the aisle? Was he not glad when the time came to change to another line, and he could take the car which the law requires? Suppose during the night some half drunken white men had found him in the white coach?

I recognize the right of the majority to impose laws upon the minority. And I mean, in the main, to obey the law even though I would it were otherwise. But even the majority should not pass laws whose infraction from one class of the citizenry they care nothing about, while holding another class severely to the letter.

THE EUROPEAN WAR A CONFLICT OF IDEALS

SOME student left a novel on a table, in some way it found its way to my desk, and in a rare moment of leisure I opened it and glanced at the ending. It proved to be a love story located in Kentucky just at the opening of the war of 1861. The hero is casting his fortunes in with the confederacy and the heroine is following her father into hospital service for the northern army. After the war has settled the question at issue they will return and live happily together forever afterward.

She says: "It's a war between two ideals, whatever else they may say about it. But it's really that, between two ideals of civilization."

"And men," he added quickly, "always fight for their ideals as for nothing else. It will be to the last gasp." The present European war is a similar conflict of ideals. If this be true, then the present war began when the barons wrested the Magna Charta from King John. It will continue until one or the other of two ideals of government conquers. The conflict is between democracy and autocracy; between the idea that government is by consent of

the governed, and that government rests upon the divine right of Kings.

The general conflict among the European powers was inaugurated at the moment that the German Emperor sent word to the other powers that "the war between Austria and Servia must be localized or the gravest consequences would ensue." This meant that Germany would defend Austria in her attack upon Servia. But back of this pronunciamiento lay a situation in Germany itself. Perhaps this is best expressed in a letter which appeared in the *Springfield Republican* of August 10, and written by a German American in Hartford.

"No German here," he writes, "supports the Kaiser's action. It looks to me, a land lubber, as though William saw power slipping away from him, democracy gaining, scandals among his relatives increasing, his future uncertain and the only thing for him to do was to have a war which would hold the people together reuniting his empire for twenty years or more. Then he might be in heaven or somewhere else. After the war, it would require some years for the Socialists to become strong, and the Godgiven right of German Kings might be supreme until that time."

To one at all familiar with the spread of liberal ideas in Germany within the past twenty years, and certain criticism of and limitations placed upon the Kaiser, the above characterization seems fair, and

interprets the position of Germany. The conflict of ideals had entered the Kaiser's own domain. He recognized a tendency to limitation of his power. Fortunately for Germany and for the rest of the world if the revolution had gone as in England during the century just closed. Today England is more nearly a pure democracy than is the United States. The government is more quickly responsive to public opinion than in our own country. Fortunately for England, leaders of the type of Gladstone and rulers of the type of Victoria were on the stage, or the revolution from monarchy to democracy might not have been bloodless as it was. But William is of a different type from Victoria and his advisers are not of the Gladstone order. If then, William was to save himself and his prerogatives, it was either a war at home or one abroad. And the Austro-Servian imbroglio offered the opportunity.

We in the United States would do well to hold in mind that this war *is* a conflict of ideals. And to remind ourselves as to the effect upon our own institutions in the event that the German Militaristic philosophy of government wins out in the present contest. Given, Germany in control of the North Sea, with England reduced to a third rate power and France controlled from Berlin, and our security because of our isolation comes to an end.

With a strong military power controlling western Europe, a military power must inevitably and of

necessity develop in the United States. War-measure-taxes will become the rule, larger armies and larger armaments, more dreadnoughts, submarines and aerial fleets must be provided. The sons of white men and the sons of colored men will spend two, three and even four years in military service, and the bills be paid by enhanced taxes from those out of service; the withdrawal of the young men from the ordinary walks of life will throw the work of the men more and more upon the women. In time, the larger portion of the farm work will devolve upon women as it does now in Germany. There will develop here a military party anxious to test itself with Europe, or even more anxious to gather power to itself at home. Republican institutions will be in danger, and quietly, perhaps as in old Rome, absolute monarchy will fasten itself upon the United States, even though the forms of the present institutions are preserved.

However the advice may be, to hold ourselves neutral in this European crisis, no man who believes in the "inalienable rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" can but hope and pray that the democratic spirit in Europe shall be successful over the autocratic and must expect that the war will go on until democracy conquers.

It is a sad commentary upon our Christian (?) civilization that all the beneficent instrumentalities of modern science should be turned toward making

war more dreadful. The old phrase was "Scratch a Russian and you find a bear." Where in our modern life can you scratch anyone and not find a barbarian? Surely the conflict abroad exemplifies this. And one deplures any further advance in science, if the victories won in the laboratory are in the end to simply make war more unfeeling and deadly.

February, 1915.

AN OUTING WITH TANNER

YOU have read the letter? Read me the first lines.

“It was certainly a pleasure to receive your Christmas card. And the remarkable thing about it was, that Tanner turned up the next day, and spent Sunday with me. He came over to sell a few pictures.”

What is there, Laddie, between my Christmas card and Tanner’s return to America that should call forth any comment, or be in any sense remarkable?

Ah! boy, how much that letter calls up the past. Few people in this town remember that Henry Ossawa Tanner, America’s most distinguished painter, taught art in one of its schools. And fewer still ever knew that on a cool morning in early June a quarter of a century ago, four of us, young men, Tanner, and C—— and H—— and myself rode out of this town in a hack drawn by three horses, en-route for the mountains of western North Carolina. School was done. The year of work had come to its end, and we were beginning a picnic that was to last the best part of four months. How little we recked of the future! We left the city on the north

side, the world and its care behind us; the mountains and their joys before.

Tanner and I were city-bred. The others were of the country, and we gladly left to them the control of the team, while we enjoyed the rear seat and care-free pursued our journey.

That first night in camp! To me it was a new experience to lie with the ground for a couch and the stars in the blue as my coverlid. Early in the night a cloud came and rain dropped upon our faces, and it was often reported afterward that I murmured as I turned to shield my face from the rain:—

“What a foolish fellow you are to thus court certain death by this exposure.”

But somehow the cloud passed and we slept, if not the sleep of the righteous, the sleep that tired men only sleep.

Sunday we spent at a local hostelry, and I recall one incident that has local color. Going into the stable to look after the horses, we met the small boy who took out from a recess a suspicious bottle and invited us to help ourselves. And when we declined, he took a long draught himself, and remarked,

“It’s mighty good.”

Mountain roads lose a certain fearsomeness by acquaintance. But as we neared our destination, the road did not improve. All at once the wheels on the lower side sank and the wagon lurched as if

to throw itself down the steep mountain side. I was on the lower side, and Tanner on the upper. How it was done I never knew. But in some desperate movement due to the instinct of self-preservation, I saw Tanner sitting on a rock by the roadside and I was hanging out of his seat. Evidently I pushed him out. But we reached our haven safely, and as we gathered in the little hotel in the mountain town, I noted the absence of Tanner. Somehow in those days I was slow of comprehension and assumed that he was taking care of himself to reduce expenses. In all those weeks the real reason never dawned upon me.

The horses belonged to the other men. I was to hire my horse. It was a novel experience, but I soon learned to mount and to hold on. Every day had its special objective point. Our first ride led us three or four miles away to an interesting waterfall. And while at the falls, a heavy mountain shower came up and drenched us. And again I had the vision of serious disaster to befall me. We hurriedly mounted, and rushed for the hotel, and got dry in the ride and never thought of a change of apparel. So my second hazard passed unnoted.

And those three fellows, how they taught me to ride! Coming in from an excursion one evening, I purposely kept in front to show my skill in the mount. And I noted that my horse was going by leaps and bounds and I gloried in my prowess, and

did not know until afterwards that my comrades were maliciously whipping my horse through his best paces, they having, as they said, the fun of their lives.

Tanner was the photographer of the party. This was before the era of the Kodak. Tanner prepared his own plates and developed his own pictures. And one of the simple pleasures of the vacation was to help Tanner in the dark room. Here I got my first lessons in photography. And Tanner's pictures were always artistic. I look them over occasionally now and recognize the artist even in the photographer.

C—— and H—— were married, and their wives appeared soon after our own arrival. So that naturally Tanner and I were a good deal together. And Tanner at one time desired to go off on a lengthy excursion which did not appeal to the others, nor for that matter to me. But I said,

“Tanner, if you are bound to go you shall not go alone.”

A twenty mile ride brought us to the little stream where we might fish or might paint. That is, Tanner might. Neither pursuit appealed to me. We erected our little tent, ate the supper which Tanner prepared in the skillet (for he was a man of many parts) and fed our horses, and lay down for a night without dreams. Ah, that air, and those stars and the green of the trees and purling of the brook!

All at once there was a pull at my pillow, which was of the bundles of oats bought for the horses. I was awake instantly; a second pull and I was on my feet, to discover that the interlopers were the mountain razor-backs that had scented our larder and proposed to help us in its enjoyment. Thrice that night I rose to defend our possessions, but as I recall, Tanner slept calmly on. I policed the camp.

We spent the next day in that dell of exquisite loveliness, glad that if "man made the town" that "God made the country."

Early after a dinner prepared as only Tanner could prepare it, we broke camp, intent upon a mountain climb where the second night was to be spent. How, as some incident calls up the past, the little insignificant items recur to the mind. We stopped at a farm house to purchase chickens for our refection. The good woman called her fowl around her with loving words and corn, and they came by the dozens, if not by the hundreds. And having allayed their fears and worked upon their instincts, she treacherously picked out three of the most promising of the flock, shooed the others away, who never missed their mates. And these she quickly prepared for us. We crossed her palm with silver, and escaped with our booty.

Our climb to an elevation of over 6000 feet was not difficult, and we reached the top in season to

erect our camp and to gather a large pile of wood when we found ourselves in a cloud. Not a light fleecy cloud, but one full of wetness, a wetness that sticks. So we took our night watches, changing perhaps hourly, Tanner keeping up the fire for me and I again keeping up the fire for Tanner. And between times, lying upon the soggy earth with our shoulders in a puddle. Nor cared we! The spirits of the mountains might conspire to drown us out or drive us away, but our courage was up to any test. So the long night passed and with it the cloud, and the sun awoke us in the morning, with the world at our feet.

And as we stood upon the very apex of the mountain, that morning we saw remnants of storms all around us. And one storm cloud came upon our right so near that we could almost touch it. And right there before us it rained itself to pieces and disappeared, fairly worn out with its efforts.

Coming down the mountain, we lost the trail. And the mountain was steep. And we zigzagged our way down the slopes, thankful that the horses kept their horse-sense in a situation that seemed to have some danger. But finally we struck a trail which led to a cabin. And here they told us to go the way we did not think could be right, and to follow the plainest trail and we should reach our destination. What a thing a plain trail is! Fortunately it was plainer to the horses than to us, and in large

part trusting ourselves to them, we filed through a valley, climbed a mountain, reached a highway and recognized our location.

Sitting upon a mountain top, I saw Tanner stretch his first ambitious canvas. It may have been two feet by fifteen inches. I saw the artist put the first brush of paint upon that white surface. I saw it grow from day to day. I saw Tanner put on the finishing touches. I have stood many a time since on the spot where Tanner sat. Happy mountains! to have Tanner depict you! Fortunate mountains, that you look even now just like the picture of you that he painted! And I . . . I suppose that I could have bought that picture for the money that I gave Tanner for photographs. And I lost the opportunity. Boy, what would I not give today if I could show to you and to yours Tanner's first ambitious effort, and know that it was mine or yours?

You know the story? It ought to be told to encourage every boy with a definite aptitude. There was the boy with the artist's soul and the love of the brush. And there was the practical father who saw no future in art, but in a clerkship. And the boy, disappointed and out of his element, a Pegasus yoked to a plow, sickened. And hope faded. And the distraught father said: "Henry, get well and you shall paint." And the boy got well and still paints.

Do you not see, Laddie, what that letter recalls out of the past? How little I sensed it then or for years afterward, that I had spent a summer with a genius, that for once in my life I had lived intimately with one of the world's masters. How little any one of that group of four young men dreamed that one of us would make a name for himself and for his people. Out of all the company that came and went in that little mountain summer resort, some of whom looked askance at him, I do not know of any one that the world has heard of save Henry Ossawa Tanner.

STUDENT BIOGRAPHIES

NOTE:—During the year 1915, I asked several graduates of the school who were then or who had been taking graduate work in Northern Universities to tell me something of their work and of their efforts to sustain themselves while at this work. The replies were representative and illustrate that our Negro youth can make the same effort to grow along their chosen lines that their white brothers make.

I

YOUR letter is especially appreciated as it tells me that you are still interested in what I am doing and that you still hold me in regard. This year I am Senior in the Dental College of ——— University. The years spent here have been strenuous ones. When in school with you I was, to a large extent, financed by my people. Here I have had to foot all my bills. I have found it impossible to earn enough during the summer to defray all the expenses of the school term. But in several ways I have been enabled to keep myself thus far from absolute bankruptcy.

In my Freshman year, I worked a good deal in this city. In my Sophomore year I worked a good deal in the printing office of this University. This

year I obtained a position as night-watchman. Here I work only part of the month. There is nothing hard about the job, but the hours are long and there is a consequent loss of sleep. I never get sleep enough when working. While I consider myself fortunate in having the necessary work, yet it is burdensome and often interferes with school work. Last summer I spent at work in this city. The previous summer I worked in a hotel in New York state.

II

You inquire as to my school expenses and I, therefore, give you the following itemized statement:

Tuition	\$100.00
Matriculation, First Year	5.00
Athletics and Library Fees	2.00
Board and Lunches	96.00
Lodging, Two in a Room	32.00
Laundry	20.00
Books, New	25.00
Total	\$280.00

Add to this total the amount of numerous incidental expenses which inevitably arise and you will not fall below \$300.00 for the school term. Most of the students in my Alma Mater never realize what they are getting until they leave. The \$15.00

which is charged there for total monthly expenses barely covers the cost of my food in this city for a month. But I hope that my figures will not discourage any of my fellow alumni who are meditating a similar course.

III

Your second question relates to my total annual expense. In reply, I did not keep track of my other expenses. I was so busy hustling, trying to get board and carfare together, that if I got that I was happy. I do know that I spent every cent that I could get hold of.

My laundry was only the cost of my collars, the other—well, Saturday was my wash-day. I never bought a suit of clothes from the day I entered the Medical School until I graduated. At Commencement, my gown (bless its memory!) covered the worst places. The morning of graduation I had to mend a hole in my coat.

Books:—I had only two that I could call my own. The others I borrowed from fellow-students or from the library. I waited on table for my board part of the time, and at other times I was taking care of furnaces, shoveling snow, and doing chores. Part of my first year I worked in a beer-garden for tips. Saturday and Sunday nights it was worth three or four dollars a night. I finally left the place because I was getting notorious.

The last two and a half years I worked in the Post Office at night. I got on the average about three hours of sleep. Sundays I slept all day. You see it is impossible to tell what my annual expenses were. They were the sum of all these items.

The principal thing is to get the tuition for the first year. One who has hustle, grit, and determination can make it. It is not hard to get a place to earn board and lodging. If a fellow knows how to wait on a table he will not find making his way as hard as might appear.

IV

I had a little money that I had saved and I did have friends upon whom I could call in an emergency. And while I never made the call, the assurance put me in the attitude for such an adventure as undertaking to work my way through a great university. The first thing that I did after registering was to make application for work to the Student-Service-Bureau. There are lots of odd jobs and some steady work for which the university gives credit on term bills. In addition to this I was willing to put myself in the attitude of wishing work before all my friends and before the janitors. Through these I got my most remunerative work. I hauled books between the libraries; I operated the stereopticon for transient lecturers; I got a steady job

which netted me between \$30.00 and \$40.00 per quarter. I was messenger at the Medical School, in which capacity I went three times a week to the abattoir to fetch a twenty-pound bucket of embryo pigs. I did this for months. I printed bills of fare and waited on table at the Commons. I was a regular policeman at athletic games. Finally, I secured a position in the Post Office where I worked for months.

Versatility, quickness to see opportunities and to select the best of several, willingness to work—these are the means. I forgot to say that I read French and German to a western friend and he paid me well.

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NOTE:—The writer of the above illustrates his own point that versatility is a prime qualification for this adventure. While expertness in some line is the prime requisite for the mature man for success, for the young man, versatility is the more important. If one could know in advance just what demands would be made upon him in the struggle for a foothold, one might begin at an early date to work along the lines of his future occupation. It is a mistake for our schools to train for expertness when the more vital thing is versatility.

NOVEMBER 17TH, 1915

WHEN rumor had become established fact and we knew that Mr. Washington was dead, there came to mind a verse, learned in early boyhood, which had not recurred to me in years. I quote from memory:

Good Lord, when one man dies who wears a crown,
How the world trembles, how the nations gape;
But when that one man's victims, poor worms, die
 at his behest,
Ye pitying souls, shed not one tear from your in-
 different eyes.

And I found myself, by some subtle law of suggestion comparing Wilhelm of Berlin with Washington of Tuskegee. History, I surmise, will adjudge the one as one of the most destructive forces of all time; the other as one of the most efficient constructive agencies of his generation. Resulting from the action of the one, fifteen million men in sixteen months have been "put out of the fight," either killed or maimed or health shattered. Under the beneficent work of the other, the children of a nation with a population of a hundred million, have

been helped educationally, as ideas which this man put into active operation have been shown to have educational value, not alone for "defectives, Indians, and Negroes," but for the children of all classes and conditions.

As I journeyed on Tuesday afternoon to represent Atlanta University in honoring the founder of Tuskegee Institute, I learned that a death which had come to me as a lightning-flash out of a clear sky was not altogether unexpected by those nearest him and that he had been for some years a broken man. On the train, sitting with Dr. Frissell of Hampton, I asked if he had not been the victim of overwork, if he had not been for years an overtired man. The reply was "Yes," and I wondered then and have wondered since if the sacrifice was necessary. Carl Hilty remarks in one of his essays that if each of all the people would do his share of the work of the world, none of us would be overworked. It is because some do less than their share or even do none of it that others are overborne. Surely Mr. Washington never shirked his portion. Could we not all of us have made life easier for him? Yet how necessary he was to our successes! Whoever arranged a public meeting or a convention and asked him to come and make it a success, that he ever failed? Somehow he wrought until his human machinery gave out, nor stopped until then.

Reaching the school ground most of us sought

the chapel where the body "lay in state." I noted first the four students in military dress guarding their Principal. And ever and anon, the relay came in, went to the other, gave the simple military salute, and took the place on guard. Thus all day Monday, and Monday night, Tuesday and Tuesday night, and Wednesday morning until the chimes struck the hour of noon was the body of Mr. Washington guarded by his students. Next I noted the floral tribute. And again and again and yet again, I sought the chapel to look upon this wonderful expression of affection for Mr. Washington and to grasp, if I could, its meaning. I learned what already I might have known, that not only did men admire him for his ability and esteem him because of his success, but that somehow he tied men to him with the cords of love. Sad it is that we are limited to so few means of expressing our affection at such a time! There were telegrams without number. Letters without number and flowers. . . . As we waited for the Tuskegee train at Chehaw, the train from Montgomery pulled in and it seemed as though the express car was filled with floral tributes. And these were but a portion of the lavish wealth of flowers that poured in upon the school. One who has knowledge of such matters estimated the value. The figures were astounding; I will not quote them. At the best it showed how poor is our richest tribute at such a time. There they were upon the rostrum,

arranged by some skilled hand. The multiplicity had become a unity, so that the various pieces melted into one world tribute. The usual suggestions of mourning were absent. There was quiet conversation as those from abroad met, shook hands, and communed with one another. Our host was there as at other times. We talked much of him and there was a solemn joy. If a good man had done a good work and had passed away, the passing was accomplished amid the scene of his labors, while still in the maturity of his powers and with harness on.

I saw those flowers on Wednesday morning at a time when few others saw them. The early sun was streaming through the stained glass of the windows and fell upon the east end of the rostrum, touching with color the flowers and giving if possible added beauty. And as the sun mounted, the colors changed and passed along the rostrum as though a rainbow was passing over the scene. I said to a student present, as later I said to others,

“My boy, you will live many years and you may know many men, but you will never again see such a tribute as this. There are not a half dozen men in the country who could call it forth. This is worthy of a monarch.”

And then I reasoned with myself that in the case of the monarch, one might suspect a certain perfunctory character to such a tribute that was absent here.

The service was extremely simple and carried out the wishes of the family and of Mr. Washington himself. At a half hour after ten, the procession of students, led by the school band, had started from the administration building. The students were followed by the family, these by the guests from abroad, and following these came the officers and teachers of the school. The city of Tuskegee suspended all business during the hours of the service and I understood that the mayor and the council were present, with a goodly representation of citizens from the city itself. One Tuskegee matron, a white woman, leaned forward and spoke to one of the colored women present of Mr. and Mrs. Washington, and again I wondered, asking myself, if in his death, he, in whose honor we had gathered, had conquered the South in a way that in his life he had not done.

The service consisted of Scripture lessons read by the chaplain, a prayer of wonderful power and beauty by Dr. Frissell, a lifelong friend and teacher of Mr. Washington. A part of the fifteenth chapter of Corinthians I, one telegram from the board of trustees, expressing the sympathy of the board in the loss the school had sustained and stating the determination of the board to stand by the school, and one brief address by one of the trustees, who spoke warmly of Mr. Washington and who supported the statements of the telegram, were also read.

With these were rendered alternately certain old time songs, some of Mr. Washington's favorites, including "My Brother's Taken His Crown and Gone Home," and "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot." The last hymn, "Still, Still with Thee, When Purple Morning Breaketh" seemed peculiarly appropriate, because written by Mrs. Stowe. Then the procession reformed and we gathered about the open grave to the east of the chapel. Here to the music of Scripture selections and after a brief prayer, all that was mortal of Booker Taliaferro Washington was laid to rest. The taps sounded, the students on guard found their work finished, and the family and friends slowly moved away. There came to mind the words of Tennyson, written of another,

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,
He is gone who seemed so great.

It was a little startling on reaching home to open *The Outlook* to find a letter from Mr. Washington, evidently penned during his last illness, a plea for Haiti and the Haitians that we be patient in our dealings with this people even as we have been patient elsewhere.

I close by quoting from an editor:—

The Negroes' chief spokesman before their white fellowmen is gone. And this is the white man's loss. It is a greater injury to misunderstand than to be

misunderstood, and without this spokesman, the white people will be more in danger of misunderstanding their black fellow-countrymen.

While the writer feels that there are other voices that ought to be listened to, it remains true that for twenty-five years Mr. Washington has been heard as no other speaker for the colored race and "it is not likely that there will soon arise a Negro whom the white people of the South and the North will so readily heed."

A NEW YEAR'S MESSAGE—1916

A SENSE of humor frequently saves a tense situation. It is said of President Lincoln that at one time he called his cabinet together to discuss a course of action upon which he had already made up his own mind, somewhat to his surprise every member of his executive family negatived the proposed action. The President sat for some moments in deep thought, disappointed perhaps at the unfriendly attitude of his advisers. Then he looked at them, with a twinkle in his eye and a smile about his lips. "Gentlemen," he said, "the ayes have it." The President thus assumed responsibility for a line of action against the advice of his cabinet, but the tenseness of the situation was relieved by the humorous statement in which he announced his decision.

I have often felt that the Man of Galilee must have been similarly endowed with a sense of humor as he met the various crises of his life. Instead of looking upon the Pharisees with bitterness, the humorous side must have appealed to him as he exclaimed:—

Ye are like children in the market-place. We have piped unto you and ye will not dance; we have mourned unto you and ye will not lament.

To paraphrase the Master, "Ye are sullen children, who will not play anything. Ye will not play wedding, and ye will not play funeral."

Recall the incident when Peter said to his Master:

Behold, we have left all and followed thee. What shall we have therefore?

And Jesus must have smiled inwardly, though all signs of an appreciation of the humorous side were carefully suppressed, and something like the following may have passed through his mind:—

Boys, what have you given up? Some leaky boats with rotting sails on the Sea of Galilee; a little house, Peter, on a side street in Capernaum; and possibly for you, John, a small house in Jerusalem. And what shall you receive? Boys, your names are written already upon the foundation stones of the New Jerusalem. Do ye grasp that? If it is too poetic a statement, know then, that you are the founders of a new civilization; you will be the marked men of all time! Verily I say unto you, that ye that have followed me . . . when the Son of Man shall sit upon the throne of His glory, ye shall sit upon thrones judging the twelve tribes of Israel. And everyone that has forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or fathers, or mothers, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive in this

world an hundred fold and in the world to come life everlasting.

And this leads to the thought of the moment, namely that there are two words in the English language that I do not like in the usual uses made of them. And these words are "Sacrifice" and "Compensation." I recently noticed in some comments upon the life of Mr. Washington, that the writer spoke of the sacrifices that he had made for his people. He might have said with Peter, "We have left all; what shall we receive?" I cannot imagine this. What did Booker T. Washington sacrifice? Born, no one knows when; at his death every telegraph line in this and in foreign countries carried the news. Sacrifice! NO! Opportunity! To him came an opportunity which expressed itself in the Atlanta speech which lifted him at once into the forefront of publicity, and made the history that we all know possible.

We sometimes speak of the sacrifice of Lincoln. Ask, what did he sacrifice? A little law office in Springfield, Illinois; a small and not very lucrative law practice; a reputation as a story-teller, and a lawyer who studied both sides of a case until he knew his opponent's side even better than his own. What was the outcome? He became the one man of his century! The South sacrificed Lincoln, but Lincoln achieved a CAREER. Even in the supreme

event of all history, the Crucifixion, I can see that the Jews sacrificed their Leader, and in that sacrifice the history of the Jewish people ever since has been written. But the Master became the most significant figure in the history of two thousand years and the most effective force in the world of today.

This raises the question, What is sacrifice? And here I suspect that I am against the ordinary usage as the illustrations above bear witness. Let us make the test! When a man accepts a lower for a higher opportunity, he makes a sacrifice. The reverse is neither sacrifice nor compensation. It becomes opportunity. When Daniel Webster graduated from Dartmouth College, he was offered the clerkship of Rockingham County, New Hampshire, at a salary of \$1200. He planned to accept the position, for \$1200 a year seemed large to a boy out of college, and with college debts to pay. He chanced to drop into the office of a prominent Boston lawyer and stated the situation to him. And the lawyer-friend made this proposition:—"Webster, if you go into that clerkship, you will remain clerk of Rockingham County as long as you live. Come here into my office. Study law here, without pay, and make a career for yourself." Webster followed the advice, gave up a salary, studied law, and made a Career. This is the center and core of the matter. Not a sacrifice, for which in some way a compensation comes, but a career!

It is here that our personal conflicts arise; our temptations meet us here. These are not choices between what is absolutely right and what is absolutely wrong. Perhaps no sharp line can be drawn. The question is as between the high and the low, the good and the better, the better and the best. And here is where the judgment comes in. For somehow, whether we wish it or not, we feel the inner compulsion to follow judgment, although against self-interest apparently. The thing we wish to do fights the thing we know we ought to do. And if we choose the thing we wish against the thing we know we ought, there is real sacrifice and no real compensation. I am watching with much interest three young women that I know who seem to illustrate this. I am sure that they are not at all unique, but I happen to know of them. All three have become foster-mothers of children, two of them of their own younger brothers and sisters, and the third of a sister's children. They are making homes for the orphaned members of the family. From one point of view, how much these women have given up! From another point of view how much fuller and richer, how much more point to live in this acceptance of a plain duty. They are not bemoaning a sacrifice, nor are they asking for compensation. They are feeling the glory that comes out of a worthy career.

One of the sad phases of life lies in the fact, that

we can only know the thing that we get; we never know the thing we might have had. Here we stand in our youth before two closed doors, one of which we may open. When we choose the one, we forever close all the possibilities which lie within the other. It is this problem of choice which betrays our dual nature. On the one hand we are tied to the brute creation; on the other hand we are joined with the angels. We stand with our feet upon the earth, but our heads are among the stars. We are human and divine. In Biblical phrase we are flesh and spirit and "the flesh warreth against the spirit." And between these two, the transient and the permanent, the low and the high, the good and the better, the things of the flesh and those of the spirit, there is eternal conflict. And there will be eternal conflict until the spirit becomes master, and the flesh becomes subservient to the purposes of the spirit.

And here, at the opening of a new year, it is well for us to have our attention called to this conflict of the centuries which presents itself to each new-born child and to recognize that our temptations are not toward the wrong as against the right, but toward the low as against the high, the good against the better, the flesh as against the spirit; and at this time to highly resolve to train our judgments to know what is high and best and of the spirit and to earnestly pray that we may be resolved to choose

these things as against the low, the merely good, and the things of the flesh.

Most holy God, we pray that Thou wilt teach us to discern the excellent. May we not be contented with the good but ever be searching for the better and the best. Give us a great appetite for the highest and may our hunger be our defence.

A LAY SERMON

THE little book of morning prayers had this petition recently:

“Dear Lord, keep me from the loneliness of selfishness.” The phrase has remained in my mind a month. “The loneliness of selfishness.” I take it that it does not mean, “Lord, let me be selfish, but save me from the consequent loneliness.” It is rather a negative beatitude, as though it read: “Cursed is the man who is selfish; he shall be lonely.”

Infraction of the physical laws we expect will meet with their immediate punishment; and we build in accordance with these laws in the confident expectation that if we do not, our building will tumble. But some how we expect to escape the infraction of the moral law, or at least, we expect the punishment will be deferred to some indefinite time in the future, forgetting that the punishments for infractions of the moral law are just as sure and just as prompt as those of the physical law. The text says that this is so. There is “selfishness,” the breach of the law of “brotherly kindness”; and there is the “loneliness,” the lack of friends, the sure and prompt result.

Perhaps none of us would be willing to tell that he was selfish, and therefore lonely; or that he was lonely because he had been selfish. But literature, if it is true to life, and no other writing is literature, is filled with illustrations of this law and its penalty. Winston Churchill in "The Inside of the Cup" creates the character of Eldon Parr, the multimillionaire. Eldon Parr has made his millions perfectly legally, and perfectly immorally. An astute lawyer has been well paid to make it possible. And Eldon Parr has built him a palace of forty-five rooms, each exquisitely furnished with all that art and money could accomplish. But as you wander with him through his sumptuous dwelling, you realize that his selfishness has crushed out the life of his wife and she has passed away; you know that he has driven his only son out of his home because the young man would not follow his father's planning; and his one daughter leaves her father's house that she may make a career independent of her father, and in a sense in reproof of him. And Eldon Parr dwells alone; there are servants, it is true, but no family and no friends. And when Eldon Parr dies, which room will miss him? Which chair long for him? Which work of art will weep for him? He owns the world, but he has no friends. He has the power that money gives, but whether he knows it or not, he is lonely.

Similarly, Thomas Nelson Page, in "Red Rock,

A Story of Reconstruction," paints two characters who are under the punishment of selfishness. Whether or not the book is a good picture of the times it purports to depict is not the question that interests here. But in the case of the two characters, the "scalawag" and the "carpet-bagger," he is true to life. Now one can imagine a southern man to so differ from his neighbor in all those questions that brought on the Civil War, that he took the northern viewpoint of the matter of principle; but not to Hiram Still. Still deserves the name, "Scalawag," for he had served the North merely that he might despoil his neighbors of the South who should have been his friends. So sure is he of his righteous unpopularity that he remarks to one of the civilian Northerners:

"To be honest with you, Major, I feel as if having you right here by me was a sort of protection. They daresn't touch a gentleman who's been in the Union army, and who's got big friends. And that is the reason I'd like to have you right close to me." So, then, to celebrate his successes, he gave a large reception, he was obliged to confess to one of his guests, "I've got a lot of folks from the city that I don't know, and some from the country I know too well; but not one of my neighbors has come—not one gentleman has put his foot here to-night."

I suspect that Page created Jonadab Leech, the "carpet-bagger" to match Hiram Still, the "scala-

wag." And I would not accuse the one as more typical than the other. But the author is true to his conception of Leech, and having made him extremely successful in acquiring property by means of his governmental position, and also, having made him a power politically, so that Leech sees ahead of him the governorship of the great state; perhaps the senatorship; and there may be the White House in the distance, all at once his house of cards tumbles, and Leech finds himself at last, without fortune or power, and so without friends, and left to the tender ministrations of the wife whom he had spurned in his hour of success. And so again our author is true to life, and he says with emphasis, that no man can spend his years making the world pay tribute to his selfishness, and at the end not come out shorn of his friends.

"Human beings," says Washington Gladden, "are made to live upon this planet and to find in mutual co-operation a large part of the good of being. The law of life is therefore, love or good will. There are sharers in one another's welfare; each one is largely dependent for his happiness on the well-being and well-doing of others. This is the organic law of human society. . . ." "This is known as Christ's law. Jesus declared it and incarnated it; but it has been the law of human conduct ever since humanity existed upon the earth, and it always will be, in every world inhabited by men. But this law

is constantly violated by those who insist on discriminating their own interest from and exalting it above that of the community, or preferring their individual good to the common good, and on using their fellowship, as far as they can, as means to their own ends."

Our human interest lies with persons and with things. The important idea is the emphasis. He who makes persons first will be apt to live in accord with the law of good will, the law of love. He who makes things first will be very likely to break the law of love, with its consequence penalties. For "every man who seeks his own interest at the expense of his neighbors, naturally becomes their enemy, and makes them his enemy."

I sometimes think that the first of these is truer than the second. Whom do you hate? The man who has injured you? I am not so sure. His meanness to you has revealed to you his real character, and something of pity fills your heart to him; a pity akin to love; you hoped better of him and he disappointed you. But the man you have injured, him you hate; for you have revealed yourself to him, and he knows you at the very point you do not wish to be known.

Perhaps none of us would be willing to confess to "selfishness" as his principle of action; and yet perhaps some of us ought to ask ourselves, why it is that there is so much ill-will between us and the

world. Self-study may show that we have put the emphasis upon things, and not upon persons, and that we have wished goods and power rather than friendliness and friends. And here lies a subtle temptation, to use persons as things, irrespective of the law of good will. Right here lies the source of family ill-will; of ill-will in society; in the nation; in international relations.

But whatever may be the self-revelations of the world, may we not all at times pray the simple prayer:

“Dear Lord, deliver me from the loneliness of selfishness.”

IN THE DAY COACH

I WAS glad, after eighteen hours of aristocratic isolation in the Pullman car, to drop into the democracy of the day coach for the last hours of the journey. Here the gregarious instinct asserted itself and I enjoyed to the full the company of three young men who, one after the other, dropped into the seat beside me, as we sped across the state. Each of the three might form a point of departure for a newspaper article, but I write only of the third.

He came into the car from the College town through which we passed and I found that he was a College student going home for a week-end. Our conversation began upon the cloud into which we were entering, touched upon the Chicago Convention, and then turned into topics nearer the student life. He was a student of four languages, among these his mother tongue, the English. He had been taking a course in Shakespeare and he confessed, with some modesty, that the commentators had written more into the works of the great poet than the poet had ever thought of putting into his own plays.

This comment showed me that my seatmate was

reading Shakespeare as well as reading about Shakespeare and it opened the way to a discussion of other authors and other books. I confess to being momentarily thrown out of control of the conversation when my seatmate asked me if I had read any of Dixon's works.

"There are two books by Dixon that ought to live. They are 'The Clansman' and 'The Leopard's Spots.' My sympathies are with the North up to and through the War. But these books give such a clear picture of the Reconstruction, that after the war my sympathy turns toward the South."

Perhaps my face betrayed me. I do not know. But the young man went on.

"Perhaps I am wrong, but I never had any care for or any liking for the Negro.

Here I managed to interpolate, "The man I do not like is the man I do not know."

And I added, "I am sure that if you could chum with a colored student, you might find him very companionable and very lovable. You know, of course, that in the Eastern colleges the colored athlete has frequently been very popular."

This remark evidently touched a familiar line of thought.

"Yes," my acquaintance replied, "the first gentlemanly Negro that I ever met was a student. We have near us a colored college and they have beaten all of our teams this season at baseball. They play

a good game and they are gentlemen. They are much more gentlemanly than the usual white teams with which we play."

This was a pleasing admission, but the speaker at once began to hedge as though he had admitted too much.

"After all," and this was the qualifying statement, "you cannot expect a people only two centuries from savagery to acquire the civilization we have been ten thousand years in acquiring."

I now took the reins in my own hands.

"Reconstruction was bad enough doubtless, but it was not as bad as it is painted. It was bad in spots, but not bad everywhere nor bad anywhere all the time. I am myself interested not so much in the history of reconstruction, as in the admissions of Southern writers upon that history. In the other matter, if the word 'Loyalty' was ever exemplified to the value of one hundred per cent, it was in the loyalty of the Negro to the Southern white man before, during, and since the Civil War. I am glad that you recognize the gentleman in the Negro student. I wish you to recognize that if he has not accomplished all that he might have accomplished in two centuries, this may be because he has not had either in the North nor in the South a fair chance. You are a student, but you have read only one side. You must read these books to get the other side."

And I gave the young man the following list:—

DuBois' "Soul of Black Folk," his "Quest of the Silver Fleece," and his "The Negro," and I added, Thomas Nelson Page's "Red Rock," with the comment that it is a novel of Reconstruction in which the author has tried to please both his Northern and his Southern readers with fair success. Lastly I added Walter Page's "The Southerner" in which a Southern writer laughs at the South.

The train stopped and I have not met my College friend again.

THE NEGRO—A REVIEW

WHEN William E. Burghardt DuBois, colored graduate student of Harvard University, in the Department of Sociology, chose as his graduating thesis, "The Suppression of the African Slave Trade," he thought that he had a problem that would require about six weeks of hard work. But as the problem opened before him, the six weeks lengthened into three years. The study took him on a travelling fellowship into France and Germany for two years. When the study was completed, the thesis written, accepted, and published as one of the Harvard Historical Monographs, and the author had received his "Doctorate," the book, "The Suppression of the African Slave Trade" was, is, and will remain, a masterpiece of historical writing, and a statement of a portion of history which perhaps will never need to be rewritten. It is a monument of historical research.

The same is not true of the new volume by the same author, entitled "The Negro," issued by Henry Holt and Co. (1915). Nor does the little book make any pretence of being exhaustive. In his preface the author says:—

The time has not come to complete a history of the Negro people. Archæological research in Africa has just begun, and many sources of information in Arabian, Portuguese, and other tongues are not fully commanded. And too, it must be frankly confessed, racial prejudice against the darker people is still too strong in so-called civilized centers for judicial appraisal of the darker peoples of Africa. Much intensive monographic work in history and science is needed to clear mooted points and to quiet the controversialist who mistakes present personal desire for scientific proof.

Yet within the limitation which Dr. DuBois recognizes and states and while not writing a history of the Negro people, for which neither the material nor the time are ready, the author shows that there is a history and that it is a creditable one. The Negro has an historic background. The Negro himself has doubted this; even his friends have doubted; while those distinctly unfriendly have been sure that the background does not exist.

The trouble with Africa is both physiographic and climatic. It is a great plateau lying across the Torrid Zone, with only four great rivers reaching the ocean and only one of these navigable from the mouth. These conditions have made it easily possible for the great human drama played here to hide itself from the ears of other worlds; and placed practically every budding center of culture at the mercy of barbarism, sweeping a thousand miles with

no Alps, or Himalayas, or Appalachians to hinder."

It is a curious fact that of all the peoples of antiquity that appear upon the pages of history, the only ones that have persisted through the "wrack of time" are the Jews and the Negroes. And if the first one can solace themselves with the history of David and Solomon and the Jewish contribution of the mono-theistic idea to the civilization of the world, the others may comfort themselves with the thought that there was a Kingdom of Ethiopia which modified and for a century controlled Egypt, and left evidences of its control in the monuments that line the Nile Valley. Nor need the Negro fail to recognize that Africa made its contribution to civilization, for our author quotes Dr. Boaz:

It seems likely that at the time when the European was satisfied with stone tools, the African had invented and adopted the smelting of iron. . . . A great progress was made when copper was found in nuggets large enough to be hammered into tools and later on was shaped by smelting. But the true advancement of industrial life did not begin until the hard iron was discovered. And it seems not unlikely that the people who made the marvellous discovery of reducing iron ores were the African Negroes.

One sentence in the book will stagger most readers (p. 144): "Remembering that in the fifteenth century there was no great disparity between the

civilization of Negroland and that of Europe, what made the striking difference in subsequent development?" This question will cause some people to smile; it will make others question themselves as to what they know of the civilization of the fifteenth century, either in Europe or in Africa. The author answers the question as follows:—

European civilization, cut off by physical barriers from further incursions from barbaric races, settled down more and more to systematic industry and to the domination of one religion; African culture and industries were threatened by powerful barbarians from the west and central region of the continent and by the Moors in the North; and Islam had only partly converted the leading peoples. . . . When, therefore, a demand for workmen arose in America, European exportation was limited by religious ties and economic stability. African exportation was encouraged not simply by the Christian attitude toward heathen, but also by the Moslem enmity toward unconverted Negroes. Two great modern civilizations agreed at least in the policy of enslaving the heathen blacks, while the overthrow of the Ankias (a powerful and highly developed Negro nation) by the Moors, . . . brought about the economic chaos among the advanced Negro peoples, and the movement among the more barbarous tribes which proved of prime importance in the development of a systematic trade in men.

The chapter on "The Trade in Men" is sad read-

ing. How many promising civilizations have been wiped out by the hands of barbarism! There comes to mind the story of the Illinois Indians, settled upon a beautiful island in the Illinois River. Here they had developed many of the arts of the agricultural stage. In the last part of the eighteenth century a band of Iroquois suddenly appeared, and in the seige of "Starved Rock," with the exception of one Indian brave who leaped from the rock and swam to safety, the entire company of twelve hundred men, women and children, were put to the knife. Thus one of the most hopeful of Indian beginnings was utterly destroyed. But in Africa, it was not a few hundreds. It was millions. It was not a hostile tribe. It was Christianity united with Islam.

It was not bronze metal but bronze flesh that Europe wanted. A new tyranny, blood-thirsty and cruel, and built upon war, forced toward the Niger delta. . . . The native industries were changed and disorganized. Family ties and government were weakened. For into the heart of Africa, this devilish disintegration, coupled with Christian rum and Mohammedan raiding, penetrated. The face of Africa was turned south to these slave-traders instead of northward toward the Mediterranean, where for two thousand years and more Europe and Africa had met in legitimate trade and mutual respect. The full significance of the battle of Tenkabidou, which overthrew the Ankias, was now clear. Here-

after Africa was to appear before the world, not as the land of gold and ivory, of Sausa Musa, and Meroe, but as a captive slave, dumb and degraded. The mutual desire to avoid a painful subject has led the historians to gloss over the details of the slave trade, and leave the impression that it was a local west-coast phenomenon, and confined to a few years. It was, on the contrary, continent-wide, and centuries long, and an economic, social, and political catastrophe, unparalleled in history.

The by-product of slavery was perhaps worse than the slave trade itself. The number of slaves exported is not known. Hubbard estimates that in four centuries fifteen millions were brought to America. Our author says:—

Certainly it seems that at least ten millions were expatriated. Probably every slave imported represented an average of five corpses in Africa or upon the high seas. The African slave trade meant the elimination of at least sixty million (60,000,000) Negroes from their fatherland. The Mohammedan slave trade meant the expatriation or forcible migration of nearly as many more. It would be conservative then to say, that the slave trade in Africa cost one hundred million (100,000,000) souls. Yet people ask today the cause of the stagnation of culture in that land since 1600.

The chapter on "The Negro in the United States" deals with the question "from the standpoint of the

Negro group itself and seeks to show how they reacted against it, what they did to secure their freedom, and what they are doing with their partial freedom today." It is not easy to read Southern History from Southern writers or Southern literature without sympathy for the South in the destruction of its social and economic system. It is well, therefore, that the history of the Negro in the United States should be presented from the standpoint of the Negro himself. If Southern society went to pieces because of the Civil War, what as to the overthrow of the African usages and economic life because of slavery?

"The transplanting of the Negro was a social revolution. Marriage became geographical and transient, while women and children were without protection. The private home as a self-protective, independent unit did not exist. That powerful institution, the polygamous African home, was completely destroyed and in its place in America, arose sexual promiscuity, a weak community life, with common dwellings, meals, and child nurseries. The internal slave trade tended further to weaken natural ties. A small number of favored house servants had their private homes, came in contact with the culture of the master, and assimilated much of the American civilization. This, however, was exceptional; broadly speaking, the greatest social effect of slavery was to substitute for the polygamous

Negro home a new polygamy, less guarded, less effective, and less civilized.”

As to the mooted question, which of the two views of American slavery is correct, our author remarks,

Both are true. They are not opposite sides of the same shield. They are different shields. There are pictures, on the one hand, of the house servant in the great country seats and in towns, and on the other hand, of the field laborers who raised great crops of tobacco, cotton and rice. . . . It was the milder and far different Virginia house service and the personal retainership of town life in which most white children grew up; it was this that impressed their imaginations and which they portray so vividly. The Negroes, however, knew the other side, for it was under the harsher, heartless driving of the fields that fully nine-tenths of them lived.

The discussion of Reconstruction from the Negro standpoint is interesting reading. Flemming, in his history of Reconstruction in Alabama, writes,

To the rich, hereditary slave holders, who were relatively few in numbers, it was more or less a matter of property, and that was enough to fight about at any time. But to the average white man, who owned no Negroes, and who worked for his living at manual labor, the question was a vitally social one. The Negro slave was bad enough; but the Negro freed by outside interference and turned loose on society, was much more to be feared.

While this feeling was doubtless a factor in the

situation, at the close of the war, it is a matter always to be regretted that the South could not or did not accept the logical results of the war. Perhaps they could not. If this was so, then the story of the last half century had to be what it was. Upon this point the author writes:—

Quite unexpectedly and without forethought the nation had emancipated four million slaves. Once the deed was done, the majority of the nation was glad and recognized that, after all, this was the only result of a fearful four years' war that in any sense justified it. But how were the results to be secured for all time? There were three possibilities:—(1) to declare the slaves free and leave them to the mercy of their former masters; (2) to establish a careful government guardianship, designed to guide the slaves from legal to real economic freedom; (3) to give the Negro the political power to guard himself as well as he could during the development. It is easy to forget that the United States tried each one of these in succession, and was finally forced to adopt the third, because the first had failed utterly, and the second was thought too paternal and too costly. To leave the Negroes helpless after a paper edict of freedom was manifestly impossible. It would have meant that the war had been fought in vain.

The discussion of the Freedman's Bureau and the whole problem of Reconstruction is sane. The author neither minifies nor magnifies the situation. To

the charge of extravagance on the part of the Negro governments, he writes,

The extravagance, though great, was not universal, and much of it was due to the extravagant spirit pervading the land in a day of inflated currency and speculation.

This finds an interesting affirmation in "Fleming's History" (quoted above):

All sense of values had been lost, which may account for the fabulous and fictitious prices in the South for several years after the war, and may also account for the liberality of appropriations of the first legislatures after the surrender. The legislators had become accustomed to making appropriations of thousands and even millions of dollars, with no question as to where the money was to come from, "for the state had three public printers to print the money."

One is tempted to quote quite fully from the book upon this topic of Reconstruction. Resisting this, it may be said that on the whole, the Negroes need not be ashamed of the work done by the Negro governments immediately after the war. The constructive work of the Negro governments deserves more than a word. They gave the South three things:—Democratic government, free public schools, new social legislation. More than this, in legislation covering property, the wider functions of the state,

the punishment of crime and the like, it is sufficient to say that the laws on these points were not only so different from and revolutionary to the laws of the older South, but they were so wise and so well suited to the needs of the new South, that in spite of the retrogressive movement following the overthrow of the Negro governments, the mass of this legislation with the elaborations and developments, still stands upon the statute books of the South.

The history since the "triumph of reaction in the South" is so recent that it need not be dwelt upon in this review. To the writer of this review, the legislation of the reaction and since, aimed at the Negro, seems "class legislation," and therefore abhorrent to the spirit and letter of the constitution.

Perhaps the present is too close to the era of Reconstruction for a judicial appraisal. Heretofore we have had the Northern point of view and the Southern point of view. Now we have the Negro point of view, and the student of this period will have to consider all three, if he is a student. Meanwhile the story of the progress of the Negro since the surrender, reads like a romance. If one wishes the statistics, they are well epitomized in this book. Heretofore the case of the Negro has been stated for him. Now the Negro has his own spokesman. And this particular book should enhearten every colored man who too often has been made to feel that there is a certain stigma in color.

In one of the sermons of my boyhood, the preacher said, "The Mohammedan wars in Europe ended when the followers of Christ and those of Mohammed learned to respect each other." Similarly, we may expect the present war in Europe will end when the Teutons and the Allied nations shall have learned mutual respect. So in the South, the problem of the South will find its right solution when the Southern white man and the Southern colored man learn thus to respect each other. Perhaps out of the European conflict we shall learn some lessons; and if Europe is to become more democratic, the Southern States of the United States will not be left behind.

August, 1916.

TRUE BLUE

INTRODUCTION

THIS appreciation appeared in *The Atlanta Independent* of May 26, 1917. It is from the pen of a young man in the Railway Mail Service, who occasionally writes for the colored press.

This "appreciation" is so genuine and so expressive of the inner thought of the Negro, that it seems right and appropriate to include it in a little volume which tries to show that our colored citizens are after all "Just Folks."

The little incident in the chain-gang was completed in this way. The man referred to is the one who found his voice. His term in the chain-gang expired shortly after, and he found work in or near Albany. He was present at a religious service and told the incident and concluded with these words:—"I thought that if a white man thought enough of me to shake hands with me under those circumstances, that God must love me."

TRUE BLUE

An Appreciation

WELBORN VICTOR JENKINS

AS grateful as my people are, I sometimes fear they fail to realize how much we are indebted to the people of New England. Certainly I do not believe that there is an intelligent Negro in America who feels that the extent of gratitude we owe to Lincoln can ever be reached. Yet even Mr. Lincoln, because he earnestly desired to reconcile a divided country, would have been compelled to modify his opinions and demands relative to making freedmen and citizens of former slaves. There is no criticism of Mr. Lincoln's course—that is to say, the course he in all probability would have taken. He had wonderful foresight. He was indeed a very wonderful man. I believe there is not in all history a parallel to Abraham Lincoln. To be called "Our Liberator" by the Negro race, the "Savior of the Union" by the people of the North, and yet at the same time "Our best Friend" by the people of the South against whom he had waged a dreadful war,

then to be known by us all as "the greatest American since Washington," is to be remarkable in no small sense of the word.

Nevertheless we owe a still deeper debt of gratitude (if such a thing can be) to those staunch New Englanders, that hardy though kindly race of intellectual near-Gods, who started the great ball of Abolitionism rolling; and who persistently kept on calling from the very first for the "previous question"; kept on calling in a voice that could be heard distinctly above the noise of stormy debate, the screams of the press, and the thunders of the platform.

North and South admit now that slavery was a curse and Emancipation a blessing for the entire country. We have buried the hatchet of "sectionalism," we have "bound up the nation's wounds," we have become in a very hopeful measure one grand country.

But the status of citizenship which shall be accorded the sons of former slaves still seems to be an open question. The class of education which shall be designated for us and the degree thereof is still a matter of gravest concern to certain students of the Negro problem. It is just here that we owe another dual debt to New England which I even fear again we do not always remember as we should.

Directly after the war, there came among us ministers and teachers from New England, bringing

with them the highest message of the white man's civilization. We startled the world by the manner in which we "lighted off" from the sparks of this eternal anvil. We took blaze like a field of dry grass. From many centers of the South, storms of criticism arose. It was loudly contended that higher education would ruin the Negro as a laborer. This was the day when some wag coined the celebrated gibe, that, "Soon as you teach a Nigger, 'haec-hic-hoc,' it is good-bye forever to his 'Gee, haw, Buck.' " It was thought that any step the Negro was carried beyond the "three R's" was fraught with the direst consequences. Many foremost thinkers advocated total ignorance for the blacks as the surer guarantee of white supremacy.

As a race we might have been very apt to misconstrue the meaning and purpose of education. Having lived for three hundred years in the luxurious and aristocratic South it would have been easy for us to look upon education as a thing which leads away from work instead of toward it. It would have been easy for us to look upon "book learning" as an end in itself. Having only lately escaped from the horrors of slavery, it was easy for us to consider colleges as stepping-stones to a life of luxurious ease, or a sort of open sesame to an esoteric cult of mysterious free-masonry whose votaries deigned to look with occasional favor upon the great mob of lesser mortals whom God must

have made in overtime. And thus as in the case of many individuals we might have gutted our ship upon the reefs of snobbery.

"The thing I found so surprising in Tennyson," wrote Ellen Terry in her memoirs, "was the sublime simplicity of him." This is what a highly refined and delicately impressionistic woman has to say of the supreme master of lofty and restrained sentiment in our language and one of the few great poets ever born.

The few great men I have met made this same peculiar impression upon me. Booker T. Washington was as far from being a snob as I from being the prime minister. A young man of my acquaintance once accepted an invitation to go fishing with him, glad of a chance of seeing how a great man would act behind the scenes, and of hearing what he would say. My friend says that he was almost shocked to find that Mr. Washington would crack jokes and gossip and relate commonplaces like the most ordinary of men. Wonderful thing, this simplicity of great men! And we might fill the world with books on the lives of Thoreau, Edison, Burroughs, and all that glorified host of immortals that love the simple way and the simple life.

But we will draw nearer and speak of one we know and have seen in the flesh, who comes and goes quietly among us, shedding a kindly influence like some benign spirit loaned to us from heaven.

Some months ago a certain gentleman attended a celebration in a South Georgia town, and after the exercises, unlike most distinguished visitors, he did not tarry overlong with the "elect," but as soon as possible betook himself to the precincts outside the city walls, where the unfortunate toil in sorrow all day under cruel gun-men, and sleep at night chained to posts like wild beasts. There was to be a service and a white minister preached upon some one of the threadbare themes. The prisoners listened with bowed heads, conscious of their degradation. And when the sermon was ended they looked expectantly toward the keeper for the harsh order to rise and lockstep to their quarters. At this instant a gentleman who had said nothing, asked permission to go down and shake the hand of each unfortunate and he looked with a smile of kindness and love into each downcast eye as he passed. And the face of each human dog lighted up one after another until one succeeded in finding voice to say, "We hope you will come again. No one like you ever came among us and shook our hands before." The good man said, "I hope to come again, but I hope not to see you when I come." And that one word of love, hope, and kindness, made a Christian of the convict who even in the degradation of his chains caught the divine spark which beamed from that noble face. Compare this way of making men good with that other way of the lash and the oath

and you lay hold onto a mighty thought. The converted man was a convict in the chain-gang at Albany, Ga., and the gentleman, the good man to whom I refer is no other than our own ———, whose unobtrusive ways and whose love for the higher yet simpler life almost make us forget what manner of great man he is.

The Caucasian race is a superior race . . . superior in the civilization which is the standard of the world. Whether according to Agassiz, the zenith of that race has been reached in the bellicose nations of Saxony, and from hence there will be a waning of the Aryan domination of the world with a corresponding rise to power of the darker nations I am not prepared to say. But for today (and who can say for how many days to come) the Indo-Germanic breed of the human race tops the list. But the superiority of that race or any other race is lost on me the moment it stoops to vain and vaunting show or yields to prejudice. I am trying to say that when a white man feels called upon to impress me what a low-born, ignorant plodder I am as compared with himself and demands of me courtesies which he proudly refuses to return, I do not feel my degradation as he would wish, and his superiority vanishes, to say the least. I may not answer him, but I smile to myself, and thus do I "save my face."

But when a man like ——— meets me upon the

broad plane of humanity, treats me like a human being whom God made, and did not leave for the help to finish, leads me into forgetting for the time that I am identified with a climbing race, then straight-way a consciousness of my true status by comparison falls upon me like a feeling of guilt, and I grow sad; even tears well up as I gaze upon the almost unattainable heights to which the mighty Caucasian has climbed.

It is a fact that numbers of our friends at the North who were most insistent in their demands for equal rights for the brother-in-black, changed their minds when the great tests came after the war, . . . especially those who happened to come South to live and thus came face to face with the question. In many cases they adopted the views and attitudes of the South. I know scores of them to whom the word "Nigger" comes perfectly naturally and who send all "Negroes, dogs, porters, and messengers" to the rear as a matter of course.

But out of New England has come a dyed-in-the-purple coterie that is rock-ribbed in its opinions on the subject, iron-clad in its attitude, and bomb-proof against all change of front. Conscious of innate superiority which is the culmination of ages of culture they have made the profession of being without prejudice. And they have lived up to it. They remind me of the "Old Guard." They will die on this conviction but they will not yield a sin-

gle inch. With no intention of kindling antagonism between the races, they have instilled race pride and self-respect into our people, and while encouraging a healthy discontent with conditions and while holding up the same present ideals to us that have been held up to their own people for a thousand years, and while exploding the theories so laboriously set forth in Mr. Dixon's books, their intention has always been to help the Negro in the South as a part of the South.

Among those noble people who came from the North and have spent their lives in unselfish missionary work among our people, two stand out in my mind as incomparable. These are Miss —— and ————. For these the colored people fail entirely to find words that can in the slightest way express their love, devotion, and gratitude.

The son of a New England minister. Exactly thirty years ago he came South to ——, and has been intimately identified with the work of that school ever since. Hundreds of grateful students look back upon their association with him as the most ennobling influence that has touched their lives. He has so much of the spirit of Christ in making himself at home among the lowliest of people. And he has the courage to live up to his conviction. Though the gentlest of men, he boldly crashes through the most ancient bars of custom and convention when they stand athwart the path of

his belief as to what colored people are entitled to as human beings and as citizens of this country.

Sometime before my mother died I took a notion to put into a short story the likeness of the greatest friend to colored people I ever knew. It was the last story I ever read to my mother. She wanted to know who "Henry Maxwell" was; and I told her that he was one of the students of the University whose wonderful proficiency in mathematics it was easy to change over into "Henry Maxwell's" marvelous gift as a dramatic speaker. And those who have read my "We Also Serve," will at once recognize "Professor Baer" as no other than ———, who seems to me to be the most unbiased and the most sincere white man in his love for the colored that I have known.

May 26, 1917. *The Atlanta Independent.*

WHY NOT MAKE FRIENDS?

II

I RECENTLY asked a lad who has attained such years that he might be called into active military service, what he would do if the United States should declare war against Germany. The quick reply came, "I think I should put on my short pants." We laughed, and I said, "I hope you have two pair, one for me."

More recently, a young man speaking of the approaching visit of ex-President Taft to our city, remarked, "I should like to hear President Taft. Do you suppose that I can get in?" He is a young man of considerable prominence for one of his years. He has attained his majority; he pays his taxes; he is rather unusual for one so young. I venture to assert that few young men of his state are a more valuable asset to the state than he. I could not but ask myself, Why should he put such a question? However, I simply advised him to make the venture and see how it would come out.

Fortunately, it may be, an invitation came from the Chamber of Commerce for the college men to

attend in a body to hear Mr. Taft and incidentally we were advised that seats would be reserved for us. So the invitation was given out in chapel, though no word was said as to the reservation. We trusted that that would take care of itself.

On the great occasion we occupied some of the assigned seats. But it was a little trying, as all the assigned seats were not occupied and as we had naturally chosen the best of the assignment, to be asked to move into the poorer section to make room for some belated people who ordinarily do not have special seats assigned to them. But we were gracious and moved as directed.

Curiously enough, as we sat and listened to a masterly presentation of present-day issues, we noted among the crowd that stood in the rear of the great hall a few of our own sort. They were standing among the others and seemed not out of place, and no one apparently marked their presence. I was led to wonder if after all certain lines of demarkation are not more artificial than natural.

Early in the great war, I wrote an editorial with the title "Why Not Make Friends?" In it I called attention to the United States as the "melting pot," in which emigrants from all the countries of Europe were fused into the composite mass of American citizenry. And I deplored the fact that some of us, who are native and not imported, should somehow remain outside the melting pot. I prophesied

that if the time should arise when America should need soldiers to spring to her defence, that shoulder to shoulder with the naturalized citizens from Europe, would march to the defence of their native land those of us whose ancestors lived in Africa. In view of the possibility before us, I again raise the question, "Why Not Make Friends?"

The visitor from abroad to the Southern states is always puzzled at the situation which confronts him. He cannot understand that a country whose corner-stone is "democracy" should also keep up a sort of bureaucratic regime. In Flemming's "History of Reconstruction in Alabama," the author quotes an ante-bellum orator as exclaiming, prior to the outbreak of '61, "The world is arrayed against us in our philosophy of government. It is, therefore, our business to educate the world."

Since that day, the education has been reversed and the remark now sounds foolish. But an orator of today might exclaim in similar phrase, "In the treatment of our social problem, the world is against us; it is therefore up to us to educate the world."

Perhaps the trend of events is the other way. The Man of Galilee once exclaimed, "Your fathers stoned the prophets, and you build them monuments." Why must each generation repeat the same mistake and refuse to listen to the prophets of its own day, while building monuments to those of the parent generation?

"I have no lamp," exclaimed one of the Revolutionary fathers, "but the lamp of experience." Why not, then, learn by experience, and recognize that if the fathers made a mistake, we may likewise be making a mistake.

The mills of the gods do not always grind slowly and just now the mill-wheels are moving with accelerated speed. Nicholas of Russia, who might have gone down into history as the greatest peace-maker of all time, will now be happy if permitted to live upon his own estates as a private citizen. The Russian Jews suddenly find restrictions lifted and political prisoners find the prison doors opened. Even in Germany some voices are speaking more loudly than formerly and the prophecy seems to be that even autocratic Germany will put on something of democracy. How is it at home?

A French essayist, writing upon "Nationalism," in comment upon all the nations of Europe, claims that France is the most completely unified nation of them all. This may account for the tremendous fight that, all unexpectedly, that nation has put up in self-defence. The author writes enthusiastically on the other side, of the power of the United States to be the "melting pot" of all the peoples of Europe that have sought its hospitable shores. But he closes with the remark that this country has not yet been willing to nationalize either the African or the Asiatic. And he implies that here are two

problems to tax American statesmanship in the near future.

There is no question in my mind that the Heavenly Father intends that the nations and races of the world shall live together in peace, unity, and harmony. For us the Asiatic question can wait for the present. But the question of the status of our native colored citizens cannot long remain without answer.

The lessons from the great war point to the proper solution. Surely in the crisis that now faces this country if we felt we knew with positive assurance that all the people within our borders were happy, we could feel sure of putting up just such a fight as we honor the French for doing. But one-tenth at least of our population is not happy and ought not to be. And yet, in the event of war the colored people of this nation who have been loyal to the flag in every crisis hitherto, will be loyal now.

But the war which has already emancipated the Russian and the Jew of Russia, and which seems likely to emancipate the Pole of Germany and of Austria, and which will without doubt bury the Irish question for Great Britain, should result in the second Emancipation of the Freedmen of this country. Surely it shall not be said as of aforetime, "Ye can interpret the signs of the weather, but ye cannot discern the signs of the time."

And so again I press the question, "Why not make friends?"

March, 1917.

NOTE:—This was written a year and a half before the war closed. The events since are an interesting commentary upon the topic discussed. Despite a loyalty unexampled on the part of our colored citizens, the country as a country has not yet awakened to the advantage of making friends with all peoples within its boundaries.

“THE CAR SHED”

YEARS and years ago, my son, before you were born, I was admiring a picture of roses. And I ventured an honest, simple, and inartistic comment to my artist friend. And the comment was, “The picture is beautiful; every rose is perfect.”

To this the artist friend replied, “True, every rose is indeed perfect; and that is the fatal defect of the picture. In looking at roses, you see only one rose, to which all the others contribute a setting. You may change your point of view and admire another rose, but it is always one rose.” And I had had a lesson in art appreciation.

Later, I heard a similar comment upon that wonderful painting of Rosa Bonheur, the famous painter of animals, “The Horse Fair,” which hangs in the Metropolitan Museum in Central Park. As one looks at the picture, he sees that every horse is perfect; as a study of horses, the painting is a great success. But as a picture, the eye wanders from horse to horse, searching for a dominant element in the painting, to which the other elements are contributory, but this the eye fails to find.

That was a brave company of youth that we saw off to the Officers' Training Camp, that Tuesday afternoon, Laddie. Sixty men there were, and you among them, representing a great cause, and though feeling a great responsibility, eager to go. And we who gathered in your honor, your fathers, mothers, friends, sharing, in a sense, your eagerness, were vividly conscious of certain elements in the picture which were not at the surface.

And, first, we knew that you, men, were starting to the Training Camp in response to a demand that you, yourselves, had created. The Officers' Training Camp at Fort Des Moines, Iowa, was granted in response to a petition of colored college youth, who, finding the regulation camps closed to them, united in a demand upon the government for a camp of their own. All honor to those college students, who, debarred by limitation of numbers from going with you, had by expressing willingness to go, and signing the petition, given force to it and so commanded the attention of the government at Washington.

We knew, secondly, my boy, that those who went to the camp would be expected to do a year's work in three months. We understood the stress this would mean to your physique, your mentality, and your character; we also knew that men in the other camps were failing to meet these demands, and we trembled while we hoped for you. And our prayer

was that, having for the first time in all history an equal chance with the other man, you might make good.

And, Laddie, we were not ignorant of the dangers, physical and moral, that were sure to accompany and surround the camp. And we prayed the prayer of the Master for his disciples, not that you should be taken out of the world, but that you might be kept from the evil. We prayed that you might have the clear vision to know the wrong, however attractive the guise, and shun it; that you might recognize the right, however plain the garb, and pursue it. And when the boys come back—if come back they do—may they come with clean bodies, clean minds and clean souls, knights without fear and without reproach.

And this brought up the shadow, which, whether we wished it or not, we knew was present. Some of us recalled the clarion call on Sunday evening from the Scotch Chaplain, "Meet me in Flanders," and we knew that some of you might meet him in Flanders, and might not come back. We also remembered the remark of the wise man on that same evening, "We are sending you forth not to die for your country, but to live for it;" but some of us recalled a chapel talk when another wise man reminded us that going to war to kill is brutal, but that going to war with the willingness to be killed for a great cause, this glorifies war. And, further, my son, do

you recall that the last time that you read the Scriptures in public you closed with that statement of the Master that sums up the entire Gospel, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend." Whether you appreciated this or not, you are the men of whom Lincoln spoke at Gettysburg, the men who give "the last full measure of devotion," because you were giving yourselves. And you gave without reservation.

There were then at that moment, Laddie, all the elements of a grand canvas; the subjective elements, these to which I have alluded. These gave the color scheme. There were the objective elements, you, men, sixty of you; we, your friends, a crowd of us; the cars waiting, which were to take you as they take others; and the dim, dusty, dingy old carshed. There were lights and there were shadows; there was the foreground, the background and the middle distance. As each person has his own horizon, independent of those of others; as each has his own rainbow, a rainbow all to himself which no one else may share, so each of us composed the picture elements into a grouping of our own; and each of you young men was the center of some picture. Oh, the glory of it, that the love of a universe is not centered upon a few! Each! Each of you was supremely dear to some one!

And you, Laddie, you, my boy, were the dominant note of my picture! How could it be other-

wise! I was with you when there came to you the first glimmering suggestion of a coming possibility, like the cloud, "no larger than a man's hand." I saw you put the suggestion aside as foreign to righteous plans and ambitions along the lines you love. I saw the suggestion return to you again and again, and yet again, with an insistence that could not be gainsaid. And I was with you, a disciple unasleep, when in your Gethsemane you bowed in acceptance of the thing that must be; and I partook of your joy that came with the full surrender, the joy that comes to every man when he gives himself to the highest call. You and your fellows, my son, entered into the experience of the Christ in the garden, when, we are told, "There appeared unto Him an angel from heaven, strengthening Him."

That was a wonderful gathering that Tuesday afternoon in the old car shed. There were tears, Laddie, but no weeping. There were hand-clasps, and such hand-clasps, but almost no words. In such moments, the tongue is silent; the eye and the hand become eloquent. And so the great train, slowly but surely took you away from us. You wrote back, "It was a great send-off." It was more than that. It was a sacrament!

COLORED BOYS IN CAMP AT FORT DES MOINES

July 18, 1917.

CAPTAIN BALLOU, in charge of the training camp at Fort Des Moines remarks, "We are paying these boys \$100 a month, and we are making them earn it." That the captain is correct, the following program which comes from one of the men in camp testifies:

MORNING

5:45—Reveille.

6:00—Breakfast.

6:30—Policing (cleaning up the camp).

7:00—First drill (one hour).

8:00—5-minute rest.

8:05—5-mile hike.

9:00—Physical exercise (one hour).

10:00—Bayonet drill (one hour).

11:00—Conference until noon.

12:15—Dinner.

AFTERNOON

1:00 to 2:30—Semaphore signalling.

2:30 to 3:00—Rifling.

3:30 to 4:00—Conference on the Manual of Arms.

4:30—An hour to clean up and dress for retreat.

5:45—The retreat with inspection of arms.

5:30—Supper.

7:00 to 9:00—Conference, or study usually in the dining-room where we keep quiet.

9:45—Taps and to bed.

A local paper notes that from every corner of the United States, 1200 Negro youth have gathered for the R.O.T.C. at Fort Des Moines—40 per cent, men of high professional standing, 40 per cent of them with college training, 10 per cent with business training and 10 per cent soldiers from the regular army colored regiments. These men are drilling in preparation for officers' positions in the Negro regiments to be raised by the selective draft law.

Fourteen companies, each occupying a building with its officers, have been formed, and have been drilling nine hours a day, learning formation drill, rifle practice, signal practice, and all the manuals of the army that they could assimilate in twenty hours of study and discussion. One of the most interesting characters at the camp is Sergeant George A. Holland, who has served almost twenty years in the regular army as regimental sergeant of the Twenty-fourth infantry colored. Sergeant Holland stands 6 feet tall and weighs 239 pounds. He outranks all the other supply sergeants in the coun-

try, and has only been prevented from climbing higher because of the rule that only white officers shall command colored troops. But the sergeant may now become captain or even colonel in the conscripted army.

Sergeant Holland is with Co. 7 of the camp. This company is made up entirely of Georgia men, and of them the sergeant comments, "Fine bunch of men. Nearly all of them are graduates or have been students in colleges in Georgia." To Georgia belongs the credit of having more men than any other state. Georgia is the only state having an entire company made up of men from the state.

The following quotation from an address by Captain Ballou deserves wide reading:—

Here are assembled representative colored men from East, West, North, and South, to prove or disprove their fitness for the responsibilities of command. These duties require more than patriotism and personal courage. They require extended military knowledge, trained judgment in handling men under the varying conditions of camp and field; high standards of truth and honor; exceptional qualifications as instructors of soldiers and administrators of all the affairs upon which depend their contentment, health, discipline, and military efficiency, and also that intangible and important quality that is expressed in the term 'leadership.' These qualities you must develop and possess if you are to command the confidence and best efforts of your sol-

diers. They must see in you one who always looks out for the welfare of his men, and secures it, and who can be trusted to accomplish the maximum result with the minimum cost in life and limb. Physical, mental, and moral strength, patience, endurance, and courage, industry, alertness, and obedience to law are merely a few of the qualities you must possess to attain success.

The paper comments, "Every Negro at the Post is a man of intelligence and imagination. He realizes that the opportunity for his race to make good has come. He does not want to fail."

AT FORT DES MOINES

THE second half of the three months of the Georgia Boys at Fort Des Moines opened July 29. These second six weeks will move more rapidly than have the first six weeks. The following quotations from letters received from the Fort deserve a wide reading and indicate something of the spirit and the experiences of our sons, to whom has come for once an opportunity equal to that of their white brothers. We may believe that they are standing up to this opportunity.

A post-card may sometimes say a good deal, as does the following taken from such a card, "Very hot here and the work is hard. We are all trying to make good. The fellows are all well." I am beginning to like that word "fellows." It has a warmth in it that we who are hungry for warmth need. But one who knows something of the heat that comes as hot waves in the North central states can understand what it means to be "hot" in Des Moines. We do not know it in the South, but the fellows are plucky and will endure it.

Another "fellow" writes more fully: "This army life is fine and I enjoy it. Although it is rather

warm here the fellows are holding up nicely. To-day we went four miles from here to the rifle range spending the whole day in shooting. At noon we were served box lunches consisting of bread and butter, jelly sandwiches, sliced fish, and hot coffee. Our latest work and in fact the work of the whole week has been in forming company for marching, including patrolling. That part is great. We go right out in thickets, through high grass, cross streams and ditches as though in actual combat. It is arranged that certain fellows are the enemy. Under an instructor they go out perhaps a half a mile or a mile. When they have their positions, those of us who are left behind are to capture them or be captured by them. Yesterday we captured our enemy after two and a half hours, making in all, perhaps three miles. Tuesday, our enemy was rather crafty. They went on about a half mile, and to keep from being discovered they covered themselves in some brown hay that resembled our Khaki. Not expecting any one to be in the piles of hay we went boldly up and when we were about sixty feet they fired upon us. In actual battle, we should all have been captured. We are fortunate in having good instructors who seem interested in us. I must tell you my shooting record. I have been successful in getting an average of twenty-two points a day out of twenty-five. Today I made thirty-eight out of a possible fifty. Harry made thirty-nine."

Another fellow puts it this way, on June 22, after two weeks in camp: "I have just come off guard duty about two hours ago. Yesterday I was detailed for guard duty. I went on at eleven o'clock Saturday morning and was relieved twenty hours later. One is on duty two hours and off four hours, and so on. One cannot take off a piece of the garment while on guard. One has even to rest with the ammunition belt and bayonet on. This has been a very hard week. The entire regiment is to parade in the Stadium this afternoon in public. There is to be a public celebration in which we take part." Surely our fellows are getting much practice in all the details of army life.

This last quotation, written July 14, when the camp was a month old, is significant of the real spirit of our sons.

"I have been here a month today, yet I feel that I have grown more than a month in power. This has been the greatest month of my life. I pray God, that should I live, my life may be better on account of this month and the two more that I am hoping for."

This last quotation indicates two things: one that the boys in the R.O.T.C. are awaking to the fact that they may be called into actual war; and that they are adjusting their minds to the possible personal outcome. Our boys are imbibing the spirit of Claudius Lavergne, the French lad, who wrote to

his family: "Tonight I leave for the trenches. / Tonight I shall be watching over you, rifle in hand. You know who will be watching over me."

THE OLD CAR SHED AGAIN

ONCE upon a time, and this is veritable history, I was called in the dead of winter into the wilds of New Hampshire to the funeral of a dear friend. The snow lay deep upon the ground. It covered the fences. And along the country roads and over those fences came relatives and friends from near and from far, to pay the last respects to the friend who would never again in this world respond with expressions of friendship. And I recall that as we sat in that quiet front room in the New Hampshire farmhouse, and sang a few quiet hymns and listened to a quiet discourse, and bowed our heads during the quiet prayer, that during the pauses of the prayer, I heard the chink of dishes in the next room where kindly neighbors were preparing a meal for those who had come from a distance, and who must be fed before they took their long journey into the cold.

So it always is, life in the midst of death. The old world rolls on and ushers in the new day despite our agony and our heartbreak. I have read that upon the blood-stained battle fields of the present war in Europe, that this spring the flowers never

bloomed so profusely or were so beautiful. It is as though the Eternal Father tried to cover up the effects of human malice and hate, and hoped by song of bird and beauty of flower and twinkle of star to call men back to their better estate, and to assure man,

“That life is ever lord of death,
And love can never lose its own.”

But I confess that it was with a little jolt to the feelings that as we turned down the long walk that leads to the street, bent upon the sweet mission of saying “God be with you” to our soldier boys, this time not clad in civilian attire, but in khaki, and carrying commissions as they went, it was a little jolt to the feelings, I repeat, that as we started down the long walk that other group of lads came tumbling down the steps that lead into the boys’ hall, clad not in khaki, but in their togs bent upon a practice game upon the gridiron. It is the old, old cry, “The King is dead. Long live the King.” Nor would we have it otherwise and I accepted it as inevitable that the game must go on.

And so we gathered again in the dim and dusty old Car Shed, much the same company that gathered in the same place in June to send our sons to Fort Des Moines. There was the same repression of feeling as on the other occasion. Again, there

were tears, but no outcry, handclasps and such handclasps, but almost no words. I recall that in June one matron took me by the hand and as I saw her eye filled with tears, mine also filled, and I said, "Madam, do not cry, for if you do, I shall," and she said on this occasion, "You see I am not crying now, for the boys have done so well." And I might have said, "Madam, this is the time to cry and not that. Then we could have prophesied this gathering. But who can prophesy when these men shall return or in what shape or under what circumstances?" But I did not say it. That thought was in every one's mind.

But I missed the boy. I had had one handclasp and one word, when other friends claimed him, and loth as I was I could not hold him against them nor would I. But I longed for one more word, one more look into his face. I looked almost vainly, but all at once I found him looking for me. With a gesture of command he called me to him, and while his right hand sought mine with a warmth and a vigor new to me, with a gesture of protection he threw his left arm around my shoulders as though to defend me from an approaching onslaught of Vandal, Hun and Teuton. It seemed as though we stood there for hours but it was only for seconds, while the railway officials called out, "Board the train, men." But that gesture of protection seemed to me to typify America defended by Ethiopia; the Son of an Ethi-

opian Princess, the grandson of an Egyptian Pharaoh standing guard over the Pilgrim-Puritan heritage.

The student camp at Fort Des Moines was granted in response to a student demand for an opportunity for officer-training for colored students as for white. The granting of that petition by President Wilson represents the one constructive movement for the Negro since the passage of the Fifteenth Amendment. And when the boy signed that petition he knew and I knew that the plans for his career which we had made all vanished into thin air; and that there was for him, the khaki, the camp, it may be France, or Flanders. And it may be that some night he will write me from "somewhere in France," as wrote Bernhard Claudius Lavergne, the young French soldier, to his mother: "Tonight we leave for the trenches. Tonight I shall be watching over you, rifle in hand. You know who is watching over me."

Because I believe that God is good, I have faith to believe that out of the welter and destruction of the present, in His own time He will bring a lesson and blessing to humanity. But Bernhard-Claudius-Lavergne had a brief experience standing guard at the trenches, and who knows how soon your son or mine may follow him? Ever since that petition was signed, I have looked upon our youth, not as dead, but as dying; dying of the great white plague of

war that is enmeshing us all. And it seems to me that if there is anything that I can do to show to them my admiration, and my love, now is the time. It may not be for long.

O, Righteous Father, with whom is no variable-ness, neither shadow of turning, grant that these, Thy sons and our sons, shall not go forth upon a fruitless errand. Grant, we beseech Thee, that they and the hosts that battle with them shall accomplish that purpose which we believe is Thy purpose; and that their sacrifice shall usher in the reign of universal brotherhood; that Liberty, Democracy, and Peace shall come, and shall come permanently to all nations and to all peoples that inhabit the earth.

A LABORATORY STUDY IN SOCIOLOGY

ASA H. GORDON

TO any one interested in Social Science, the training camp at Fort Des Moines has been a most interesting laboratory. The first thing to attract the attention of the trained Sociologist as he daily observes the phenomena here is the peculiar revelations of long dormant elements of various characters brought about by the group activities and purposes here. The revelations are sometimes contrary to expectations. An unexpected act in a place like this produces a remarkable influence upon the disused part of a person's character. The evangelist would say, "Men have been born again" out of this turmoil of preparation for the great world game. The untrained man would label the souls of some who seemingly have radically changed, as "made in Fort Des Moines." But science teaches her disciples that these apparent radical changes are only due to the fact that the individual in obedience to the fundamental law of self-preservation has assembled and put to use those elements of his character best fitted to assure his survival in his present environment.

As is generally known the group of men gathered

here at Fort Des Moines represents almost all professions followed by colored men. Out on the parade ground in every company, you can find the lawyer, the doctor, the student, the mail-carrier, the business man, and the "old soldier" marching side by side. These men vary a great deal in personal ideas and in individual mental development, but if soldiers are to be produced here, there must be team work. In the company barrack-room and elsewhere, the man of individualistic tendencies has become somewhat communistic in his practices if not in his theories. All this is done because it is realized by those concerned to be necessary for the attainment of the purpose of the camp. This is a great object lesson of the way democracy must come and results in the realization by all classes that it is necessary for the highest happiness of all, individually and collectively.

I said that revelations of character are sometimes contrary to expectation. For example, in the early part of the game here, a professional man made this confession:—"I have not uttered a prayer in ten years, but when I saw a young fellow just graduated from my old college kneel beside his bunk in prayer last night, I felt a great longing for spiritual power, and I, too, fell down before the Great Commander of the Universe." So men have found lost chords of their lives here in this camp. Men with pro-social tendencies have found it necessary to be

aggressive here because men of anti-social habits are plentiful in the army.

A few weeks after the grand beginning, the shadow of the color line fell heavily upon the camp. Men were refused meals at restaurants in Des Moines and moving picture houses "reserved" special seats for the "boys out at the camp." The fighting spirit was aroused as it never would have been in the same group of men outside an army camp. But military discipline calmed the troubled seas, and the men decided that the end to be gained was worth more sacrifice and a different sacrifice than that they planned to make. But on the question of the color line, men's minds have been changed out here, and when the men here who do not go to France, get back home, a mob in their vicinity will be in a danger zone without doubt. The camp has been worth while as an antidote to mob rule and lynch law in the South.

Perhaps the most general and profoundest transformations that have come about have been in the purposes and ideals of the men concerning the great world struggle. The men out here have continually been spoken of as the flower of the race. This is highly figurative and only partly true, of course. It has seemingly been assumed by many that every man who came did so because he believed the great war to be purely a fight for democracy and civilization and he desired to play his part, or at least de-

sired to see the Negro race do its share. This also was not true. The motives of the men who came here were very much mixed, as they ever have been in great movements such as the Crusades, for example. Some came purely for adventure; some of the army men came simply because they were ordered; some came for a healthful vacation; some came to escape conscription; some came for pure love of the fighting game; and some came for one hundred dollars a month. Many came because they believed that the ultimate end of the game in Europe is to be democracy and peace. But once a man got here his individual purpose began to be transformed into the spirit and purpose of the camp. Here was demonstrated the influence of the social mind. The fact that a great many of the men here were working to gain ability for the game, made others play hard to keep from doing them an injustice. The expectations of the masses of people outside so often expressed by speakers who came here helped to mold the social mind. It was often stated and is yet held by some, that the failure of the camp here would mark the failure of the Negro. Thoughtful people, of course, realized that this was not true, as no single event can decide the destiny of a people, but it had its effect. It was said that the Negro race was on trial here. That was only remotely true. Then there came personal touches of lives that counted. For example, a young man who came

here with rather mercenary aims and without the slightest intention of receiving a commission received a card one day from a little girl, a girl whom he loved, on which was written among other things: "Now I know you aren't afraid nor a slacker." This changed the young man's purpose and from that day he was here to go to France. Most of the regular army men here naturally believe in fighting. They are larger than any other single group and so their school of thought has profoundly influenced the social mind in coming to the conclusion that a group must acquire its rights by fighting for them. So when William Pickens of Baltimore came here and said: "The runaway slave was the first Abolitionist; the Negro, nor any other people ever gained liberty without fighting for it. If we fight in the great world war it is because we as a race shall profit by it," he received the greatest ovation of any speaker who has so far been here.

Officers of the army have stated that the men at Fort Des Moines far surpass in physical fitness the white men elsewhere and the city of Des Moines has been surprised that an army camp could contain such a fine set of men. But the student of Social Science, believing as he must, in the power of education, has not been surprised. One of the finest and most gratifying statements that has yet been made by a visitor to the men was that of Mr.

C. H. Tobias, of the Y. M. C. A.: "I am not surprised that you men have made good here, for I know whence you came."

As is always true of any great gathering for some noble purpose, the camp has, I believe, been a tremendous help to every man whether he gets a commission or not. It has helped many men physically, it has helped some morally, and it has helped the country. Of course the average man will hold that only those who go to France have been successful. We would all like to play in the great game across the waters. But the thoughtful man will realize that not all who were successful here in some way were successful in a military way. Because here as elsewhere, where human frailty steps aside, artificial barriers have in some cases prevented the survival of the fittest. So President Hope was right when he said in an address here, "I think as much of the man who honestly tried to get into this camp and failed as I do of you men here, and I think as much of the men here honestly trying to make good but who a few days hence will not be here, as I do of you who will remain . . . they all have been willing to do their duty." Every man who has been here these weeks is a better man and a better citizen and inside or outside the army, whether he goes to France or not, has already rendered a service, gentle reader, to

Your flag and my flag,
The flag that flies above
The nation where we work and live,
The Country that we love.

NOTE:—This study of the “boys” at Fort Des Moines was made by one of their number. Mr. Gordon was of the class of 1915. With several of his classmates he entered the R.O.T.C. Being under weight, he was not commissioned and after the camp closed he entered the “Y” work and did some effective work at Camp Gordon, and later with the S.A.T.C.

Mr. Gordon is a student in Sociology, a subject in which he specialized, and he looked at the camp at Fort Des Moines from that point of view.

FROM THE CANTONMENTS

I

THE training officers reached their cantonments to report for duty November 1, 1917. They have been a busy company of young men ever since. But they find time to keep us in touch with their work. Their letters have a wonderful interest, but are markedly free from any word as to their specific work, and we understand that they are under orders to be very careful not to write about camp matters and military operations. Some of these letters have a more than personal interest. All of the Atlanta University students have had courses in sociology, in which the problems of the Negro have had more than passing notice and yet these students are for the first time getting in touch with the real problems of their own people. They all speak with surprise of the ignorance and the illiteracy of their men. They cannot, in too many cases, write their own names. Few have the equivalent of four grammar grades and very few indeed have been through a grammar school. Many do not know why they are in camp and think it a "chain-gang."

Two quotations will show the spirit of the officers:—

We have 153 men and among them is one man only who has had any college training (this is the writer). One other has had high school, and only from 15 to 20 have had grammar school education.

This writer is from the South, but his men seem to be from the East, for he further comments:

The situation really surprised me, especially here in the East where schools and colleges are to be had for the asking. So many in my battalion can neither read nor write that a night school has been opened.

A hopeful element, duplicated in all the letters, appears in this letter:—

But on the whole they are a fine lot and just as willing and obedient as can be, and they are taking things for what they are worth. Since they have become uniformed and have come to be somewhat soldierly, they are making a good showing.

The second quotation is from an observer:

I met the captain. He was a young man of a genuine soldierly bearing, about thirty years old. He told me that he had 243 men in his company, and that there were 63 unable either to read or to write. The government intends to furnish material to teach them, but he said his four lieutenants gave the money out of their pockets. The two lieutenants and two privates who have taught have already

begun to teach these men. In a heart to heart talk with the illiterate privates the captain told them that he expected everyone of them to write a card home at Christmas. Twenty can write already. They do this after a hard day's drilling is done. When the government begins its school, he intends to report "not a single illiterate."

In a different line is the following quotation:

I saw the lieutenants hard at work with their men. I watched the officers of both races do their work. Lieutenant —— carried me to his barracks. You would have been proud to see how prompt his men were in saluting him, and to note the fine relation existing between him, a mere youth, and those sturdy men.

A curious incident was brought to the writer's notice which illustrates the attitude of our student-officers toward their work. A mother said to her lieutenant-son, that she could be reconciled if he were fighting for France. But she could not bring herself to think of his fighting for the United States, which . . . Her sentence was interrupted by her son, whose commission was not a week old:—"Mother, I am an officer in the United States Army, and as an officer, I cannot permit anyone, not even my mother, to speak disparagingly of my country."

In similar vein is this from a "Y" Secretary:

When the account of the Houston trial began

leaking out here, our men crowded around the daily newspaper to read the comments and they began to utter evil comments about the country. I felt it my duty to say something to them.

I tried to think and found myself burning, too. I prayed for something to tell them. Finally I said, "No one has the right to take the law into his hands and now we have this to be thankful to God for—we have commissioned officers of our own race who can adjust our wrongs in the proper way so that such a shame shall not be ours again."

To write or to act in a manner loyal to our noble country, and convincing to the extremely cloudy mind of the young colored American is a task that calls for the master mind of our leaders. If they condemn it . . . treason; if they uphold it, in full . . . distrust from those whom they would lead. My thoughts are, those who take the law into their hands deserve punishment, but the conditions under which such things take place surely should be considered in the reckoning. I think the men who irritated these men should be called into question.

Another lieutenant writes of the men from the South:—

They tell me of conditions out of which they have come that are largely those of slavery. I was disposed not to believe, but others confirmed the facts.

This lieutenant doubtless has read DuBois' "Souls of Black Folk," and the problem of peonage has probably come before him in academic fashion. To-

day he knows the facts. So he knows his problem and his brother officers know it as they could not have known it otherwise. And what are a few frozen ears, noses, or fingers to these men who never left the pine barrens or the Black Belt or the red clay hills, as they find themselves no longer exploited. What geographical ideas must these be absorbing, as they find themselves in the North; and what Sociological and Economic ideas are they getting as they find themselves in great groups working together under officers of their own race! And what ethical notions must drift into their minds as they find these officers respected by their fellow officers of the white race, and they themselves free to come and go without being told where to go or not to go, but free!

Perhaps the finest thing that comes to our student officers, is their meeting as they do, and as they will more and more meet with men who have done things, men of affairs. After an interview with his general, a lieutenant sums up his impression in the simple phrase, "General —— is a strong man." The following incident illustrates the attitude of the commanding officers toward their subordinates, whether white or colored. A general was travelling with a body of his officers for several hours across country. The party was returning from a match game of football with the men of another cantonment. Among the party were two Negro lieuten-

ants. During the journey the general went into the dining-car and sent his orderly back to invite all the officers to dine with him. Perhaps it was natural that the two colored officers did not go with the others. Their absence was noted by the general, who sent his orderly again to demand their presence and attendance and they had the satisfaction, not only of being entertained with him at dinner, but of having an interesting conversation with him afterwards.

The larger number of Negro commissioned officers are either first or second lieutenants. So far as I know, few became captains who had not been in the regular army previous to their assignment to the training camp at Fort Des Moines, where they were the training officers under the white officers of the camp. Two of these captains were ex-Atlanta University students and one of the new captains is an alumnus of the school. He writes:

I took charge of my company November 4, and I think I may pardonably say I have a fine set of young men among whom a fine spirit exists. The work is strenuous and taxing, but I enjoy it just the same.

In the same letter writing upon the larger issues, he says:

Events now transpiring in this great world débâcle confirm my conviction more and more that the prin-

ciples of Atlanta University, the principles for which she has stood so unflinchingly for more than a generation, despite unfriendly criticism, misunderstanding on the part of those without her faith in humanity, are right and eternal and must prevail. The world must come to our way of thinking to insure enduring peace among men.

The following has a touch of Christmas cheer:

This is Christmas morning, about 11 o'clock. I have finished the dining-room and recreation room decorations for the men's Christmas dinner. I wish so much that you could see it; then you could realize just what the officers are doing to make everything as pleasant as possible for the men. They have everything they want for dinner, turkey, candy, nuts, fruits, pies of every kind, cranberries, celery, lettuce, and as much of it as they can eat. The letter closes thus: "I thank you for your papers and cards, but really I have not had the time to do all the work assigned to me, much less to write to any one. And the work had to come first."

January, 1918.

FROM THE CANTONMENTS

II

SOME one once remarked, "The man I do not like is the man that I do not know." And the remark has a deeper signification than appears at first. I have said elsewhere that if the southern notion of the Negro was to persist, that it was a mistake to send the colored soldiers in training into the northern cantonments. There they would meet the Anglo-Saxon soldier on terms of fair equality, and a mutual liking would ensue. And this seems to be borne out by all the facts that come to us from letters and from visits from our own training-lieutenants as they return to us on leaves of absence. The following incident illustrates how camp friendships cut across certain lines of demarkation. A group of soldiers, white and colored, were out together fraternizing as soldiers will; and the group went to a restaurant for a lunch. This occurred in Virginia. The proprietor expressed his willingness to serve the white men but not the colored. To this the white soldiers made no demur, but ordered viands for the entire group, and took them with necessary

dishes upon the sidewalk where all sat down and ate as though sidewalks were convenient dining tables. And the passer-by looked on with differing emotions. To some of them it was a new illustration of the democratic spirit.

So far as personal information comes from the various northern cantonments it is of most pleasant relations among the representatives of the two races. An interesting phase of this is shown in the course of study which our officers-in-training enter with their white confreres. To many of them, the meeting in mixed classes was a new experience. Perhaps I have said this before, but if so it is worth repeating; that I am always glad when one of our college men matriculates in a northern university. If one finds that Anglo-Saxon gray matter is finer than African "gray matter," accept the fact, for facts are what we wish. But if the result shows, as I think it will, that "gray matter" is "gray matter" despite the presence or absence of a little tropical blood, the revelation will not hurt but help both parties to the intellectual contest. Meantime, the meeting in mixed classes has opened upon new opportunities for acquaintance and friendship and some exchange of courtesies. The following is a case in point. Two men, lieutenants, representing each his own race, were out upon a reconnaissance walk in connection with a course of study. They came to a stream too deep for the colored officer to

wade across in his low boots, but not too deep for the white officer who chanced to have on his long-legged boots. The white man sensed the situation, and said, "You can not cross without getting wet. Let me carry you across." No sooner said than done; the colored officer sprang upon the back of the white officer and in less time than it takes to tell it the act of courtesy was carried out and both men dry and comfortable were upon the opposite bank pursuing the purpose of their walk.

Two illustrations of the contest of "gray matter" with "gray matter" have come to me recently, in both of which the colored officer led the class. The one was in a class studying the rapid-firing gun, about which the leading colored officer rather modestly claimed that his leading was rather a matter of luck, but which I interpret as rather a matter of "nerve." The other was a distinctly scholastic test, being a course upon field fortification, in which mathematics played no small part. In a class of thirty, there were four colored officers, and one of these led the whole class. He with a similar modesty ascribes his success to one of his college teachers; but my own idea is, that his success is due to a student attitude toward his work while in school. To him a teacher's assignment was always a duty to be performed and not a task to be avoided.

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Not all the items are from the northern canton-

ments. One gets hints of pleasant relations existing in the southern camps. Perhaps this is as significant as anything that has come to me. A friend of mine was riding across Alabama and Mississippi, and behind him sat two men, one a soldier who had been on a furlough and who was returning to camp. He said to his seat-mate, that he had gone into the war with a good deal of unwillingness, but that he had got so much good out of the camp and so much real enjoyment that he was glad to get back. "And what about the '——'?" asked the other. "Do they make good soldiers?" His friend said in reply, "I have cut that word out of my vocabulary. I have got acquainted with the colored men in the camp, and I have learned to like them and to know them, and they are making good in camp, and to me they are colored soldiers." I do not think this incident ushers in the millennium, but it does illustrate that when men can get together in circumstances where the lines of social cleavage are forgotten, that a certain "camaraderie" is bound to develop. I would not prolong the war one day; nay, one hour; no, not a moment; but I have the faith to believe that the war will not end until the spirit of comradeship which the cantonments illustrate shall become general outside the cantonments. For after all—

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp.
The man's the gold for a' that."

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I find the following in a religious paper. It is from a letter from a soldier in camp, and bears the caption, "Express Your Love." The boy writes, "Do I ever get tired of being told you love me? Never stop writing it. The fellow for whom I have the most pity in the army is the one who has no one to love him or writes to tell him so. You know in the army, the immorality is due either to the 'nobody-cares' attitude or 'nobody-will-find-out' attitude. The fellow who gets a bit of both of these can easily go wrong if he chooses."

In larger lines a chaplain writes that he prefers the camp to the country, for "here one finds the stimulus of struggle with nature plus the fellowship of large bodies of able, good men which even the best small town can furnish but periodically." He prefers it to the city, because "the electric lights, the autos, the movies, the theaters are there, but you can walk from one end to the other of a vast city of 40,000 without seeing a single saloon, or of the advertising of the sex-impulse for commercial purposes." And he prefers it to the college campus, "because the equivalents of fraternity and chum and athletics and glee club and college journal and Y. M. C. A. are there, but each in its proper relation to the main show, but electives and snap-courses have entirely disappeared."

Said one lieutenant to me, "We handle the instruments of death so frequently and so familiarly

that we become accustomed to them and the thought of death loses its fears." This calls up a question asked upon the cantonment, "What are our boys thinking about? It is hollow mockery to talk of a ministry of merely social service to a clear-eyed boy who looks you squarely in the face and asks you if death ends all and how you know it doesn't. I thank God that my boys are laying hold upon the only real argument for immortality—the practice by the will of the principle that he that loseth his life shall find it. The only way to know that there is no such thing as death is to dare to face it as Jesus did for a great cause and find out."

There is a side of the war which perhaps we have not said much about or thought much about which came to me in a personal letter from a friend in the north. Two of his sons are in the service and the third is getting ready. He writes, "Their lives are completely broken up. If they return they will have no jobs and no money. The places they might have filled will be held by somebody else, and besides, the life in the army establishes the habit of living for the day only, without plan for the future; you can not plan; when orders come you simply obey them; that's all. You can not think of buying a home or of establishing a family and a permanent way of life."

And right here is the ultimate sacrifice which our

soldier boys accept. We are sending them out to be citizen soldiers, fighting to make war unnecessary; they are not to be and become professional soldiers, but when they come back what is there for them, but to remain so far as they can in the service? And this suggests that new world into which we are entering, a world of military preparedness, and universal military service so different from our traditions and our history. Surely

“The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfills Himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.”

AN OPEN LETTER

(*Editorial Introductory Note*)

THE columns of *The Atlanta Constitution* have of late years shown marked interest in the progress of our people. In fact, it is today so different from that of two decades ago that it has called forth encouraging comment from our people all over the country. The day is still fresh in the memory of many of us when we expected no words of encouragement or defense, all then was gall and bitterness. We now look upon the *Constitution* as the one paper among us that believes in fair play. The following letter from the pen of Prof. E. H. Webster was intended for its columns because there are many things in it that our white neighbors and friends elsewhere ought to know. We do not believe it any ulterior motive other than omission on the part of the editor of the *Constitution* that it did not appear in its columns.

ATLANTA, GA., NOV. 17, 1917.

Editor *The Atlanta Constitution*,

Dear Sir:

The friends of the colored people, and especially the teachers of their children, are always grateful for any cordial word that appears in the columns of

the *Constitution*. And so we appreciate the paragraph in a recent issue, speaking of the colored men of Atlanta who had earned commissions in the training camp at Fort Des Moines, Iowa. These commissions were given Oct. 15, 1917, and the officers were given two weeks' furlough before reporting to their different cantonments. The list as you presented it was not quite correct. You gave the names of nineteen. Twenty-one of the colored youth of Atlanta received commissions, either as First Lieutenants or as Second Lieutenants. It will be a satisfaction to your readers to know that one-half of all the commissions granted to colored Georgians went to Atlanta; and it is an item of interest to us, that on a different alignment, one-half of the commissions were given to men who had been or who were at the time students of Atlanta University.

For two weeks these officers clad in khaki were seen about the streets of Atlanta. I think had the option been left with them they would have preferred civilian attire. But the military rules are strict at this point during war time. The recognition accorded these young officers by their fellow officers was, to say the least, curious. Some of the white soldiers recognized the uniform with the appropriate salute, and that ended it. A few did the same as though it were a joke and laughed as they did it. Most of the white soldiers failed to see their

colored comrades in arms and passed them without looking at them.

The student camp for the training of colored officers originated in a student movement that had its inception at Howard University, Washington, D. C., and which was warmly seconded by the students of the colored colleges in Atlanta. The United States had maintained for two years and was proposing to maintain summer student training camps, whose graduates were to receive officers' commissions. To these camps, the colored college students were debarred. They never understood why they were debarred, but they were. A movement to establish a private camp under the sanction of a government was well under way when President Wilson declared that a state of war existed between this country and Germany, and that movement was quashed. Again denied entrance into the national camps, this student movement was inaugurated, and a hundred of the college men of the Atlanta schools signed the petition, and when granted, the full student quota allowed the schools was filled by volunteers who had signed the petition. And double the number would have gone to camp had the number allowed been larger.

The training camp at Fort Des Moines was unique among all the training camps. Of the twelve hundred colored men in camp, 40 per cent were college students, 40 per cent were professional men, 10 per

cent were colored business men, and the remaining 10 per cent were taken from the regular army. These latter made the first officers of the training body, and were detailed from their regiments for that purpose.

These men were supposed to take a year's regular training in the three months. In all that time, there was not a single brawl in the camp. The guard house was significant as having no use. The city of Des Moines, that demurred at the bringing of twelve hundred negro troops into their midst, regretted when the time came that the officers left. In public and in private, the officers in training carried themselves in a way to win admiration and respect.

The white officers in camp were highly pleased with the quality of the men and the quality of their work. A great disappointment came to the men at the close of the third month when the war department issued orders that the men should remain in training a fourth month. Permission was, however, given any who wished to withdraw to do so as "honorably discharged." A number took advantage of this opportunity. But to the credit of your Georgia company, not one took advantage of the offer. They remained to a man.

The concluding phrase of the *Constitution's* paragraph upon these commissioned men read that "all have been ordered to report after their furloughs to

northern camps." It seems to the writer peculiarly unfortunate that this had to be so. One understands, perhaps, that it had to be so, while we wished that it could have been otherwise. Sixty years and more ago, an Alabama statesman exclaimed, "The world is against the South in its understanding of the negro. It is our duty to educate the world." As that attitude of mind has passed, the present attitude of mind of the South toward the negro will pass. And fifty years hence, when the world shall have become safe for democracy and democracy safe for the world, the South will look back in surprise that at this critical juncture, all these young colored officers had to be assigned to northern camps. And yet the Secretary of War states that he is not entering this war to solve a southern social question, but to whip the Germans. And with that in mind, it was well to avoid any friction in the matter.

The best comment that the writer has seen upon the Houston riot was in a northern religious journal. Without reducing the condemnation of the riot one iota, the editor frankly recognizes that the riot began in white arrogance and white usurpation and said, "The South must learn to accept the plain results of the Civil War, and must learn to respect the uniform of the soldier, whoever wears it."

And yet, if it must be so, as a teacher of these young men, and their friend, I cannot but be glad

that they are to get their entrance into real army life in the freer atmosphere of the north, where the traditions are different, and where they will receive the treatment their commissions warrant without let or hindrance. But I am wondering how many of these colored officers who survive Flanders or France will be willing to return to the South after the war, if they must return to conditions so different from what they are meeting now in the North. They are the very flower of their race, just the young men to be held to the South for the upbuilding of their people, but weaned from the South by the very freedom which the North grants and which the South denies them.

Being a negro is no crime, but the Southern attitude too often makes it appear such. You are not aware, for you are protected from it, how often the fact that one is a negro is rubbed into the man of color in the South. We object to the German Emperor giving to every submarine commander the right to declare war upon the United States, but the Southern States give every small official the right to declare war upon the negro. The South is steadily losing its best colored youth, as these get in touch with the North and remain there.

One phase of the colored officer situation comes to me with tremendous force. It is the reports that come of the ignorance and illiteracy of the negro conscript soldiers. The fact comes to me from every

camp where there are colored recruits, whether North or South. They can not, in too many cases, even write their own names; few have had the equivalent of four grammar grades and very few, indeed, have been through a grammar school. Many do know why they are in camp and think of it as a chain-gang. Some of the stories are humorous, but most are pitiful. These recruits are the product of the Southern schools of the past fifty years. And they are to meet in Europe the best trained soldiers of the Old World. These young officers are optimistic among conditions that would seem to be decidedly pessimistic. And I admire their courage, though I tremble for the product.

The language of the Supreme Court decision in the matter of segregation is a curious commentary upon this point. "We have permitted," the Court says, "segregation in schools and public conveyances on the principle that the advantages of the one and the accommodations of the other should be equal." But the court declines to go further, and one wonders if it is not because the court recognizes, that if the principle of segregation is further admitted, the gross inequalities that have followed will continue to follow.

The one thing which we ought to hope shall come out of the war is a real renaissance of the democratic idea. For this, this country is fighting. Without expanding that thought at all, it seems to the writer

that in the new world that is to come, we shall put our valuation less upon property and more upon men; and this nation and every nation will see to it that every man has a fair chance to the largest development of his possibilities, that we must do this for our own safety. The schools of the future will be very different from the schools of the past; but they will open themselves to all youth irrespective of race, color or previous condition. The state will demand that each achieve the utmost possible, and put no barriers in the way.

A NEW YEAR'S MESSAGE—1918

“God bless you!” So I breathe a charm
Lest grief’s dark night oppress you.
For how can sorrow bring you harm
If ’tis His will to bless you?

And so, not “all your days be fair
And shadows touch thee never”;
But this alone—“God bless you, dear,”
And thou art safe forever.

THERE is a revival hymn whose words will not come to command but whose thought is “Count your many blessings.” And I recall the pastor of my youth declaring that if we would thank God for three things given every time we pray for one thing that our prayers would take on a different character. Perhaps it will be well for us at this time to think through the items for gratitude in the immediate past as we face the immediate future.

Three years ago last August the writer came from New York to Charleston by boat, leaving the great metropolis on the day that the war was begun. And during the hours of that journey, the baseball news from the shore vied with war news from Europe for the important position on the little sheet published each day as the wireless sent its mes-

sages to us at sea. Among the first items that caught my attention later in the month was the offer from a strong weekly journal for a subscription until the end of the war for one dollar. I have often wondered if that offer was ever withdrawn. In the light of events that have taken place the offer seems a little foolish. But it does remind us, how little the world at that time appreciated the magnitude of the problem before it. Little recked Kaiser, and little recked we, that with the crossing of the Belgian frontier and the invasion of northern France was set in motion a train of circumstances which would lead in this country to what some of us in our wisdom or lack of wisdom, call "The Second Emancipation of the Negro."

But it is the steps of this emancipation which it is worthy to think through at this time when a new year is opening with its yet unspoiled page.

Looking out upon a situation in his time comparable perhaps to him as the present is to us, the Psalmist exclaims "God is not in all their thoughts." And oftentimes it seems to the onlooker as though the thought of the Hebrew writer was matched in our day. But no one can read of the events in this country taking place in the years 1861-1865, but sees if he is thoughtful, that until amid the clash of arms a definite goal was pointed out by the march of events which was as distinctly the divine purpose in the war, as though God said to a new Moses, to

tell a modern Pharaoh, "Let my people go." And so one is brought to the conclusion that behind the present conflict there runs a purpose of God, and that the war will not cease until the world recognizes that purpose and accepts it.

I suspect that a tabulation of items in this second Emancipation will not bring out any new material, but it may serve to call our attention to certain marked events which may let us see that the "charm" in the first line of the little poem above, is operating.

The war in Europe created a labor-shortage in the north. This awakened a competition for Negro labor. This has led to that exodus of colored laborers from the south to the north which has given the new opportunity to thousands never before beyond the boundaries of the county in which they were born; it has brought them in contact with new men and new ideas and new standards of living. More than this, it has shown the south the true value of its labor, and for its laborers which must act toward righting conditions which ought to have been righted years ago. For us at least the old law of competition is working well.

The second item is wrapped in the first. If the south after the war is to be as it was before the war, then the recruiting of Negro troops was a mistake. And the second mistake was in sending them north to be trained.

And the third item grows naturally out of the second. Some of us could have told the fact, but it is now coming out that colored recruits, too many of them, do not know what schooling means. And the country is awaking to the fact through the illiteracy of the men from the south. Said one woman after a visit to a cantonment, "I did not believe it possible for so much ignorance to be gathered together." She has not known her problem. It was my fortune to be registrar in the registration of June 5th. And the men who could not sign their names made a sad showing.* The south has neglected its colored citizens. And the north is now taking notice. And after the war there will be a new school law. The country knows the facts. Never again will it permit such shameful neglect. And it took a war to acquaint the country.

Since April 2, of the year 1917, four constructive movements have taken place bearing upon the Negro. In historic order these are: the colored college student movement which resulted in the colored officers' training camp at Fort Des Moines. This movement demonstrates the right of the Negro college to exist, a right sometimes denied. Second in order was the appointment of six hundred twenty-four of these cadets to the officers' reserve corps, and their assignment as training officers among the cantonments of the north. All this the writer has dwelt upon in other connections and will not add

at this time. Next in order, and growing out of the Negro officers and the Negro recruits, was the appointment of Mr. Emmett J. Scott to a position as assistant to the Secretary of War, a position almost within the President's cabinet, as Mr. Scott is thus numbered among the President's advisers. Lastly, come the Supreme Court Decision in the Louisville segregation case. Segregation as principle leading toward the enforced crowding of people in special sections seems to have met its death-blow.

Other items of joyous import for the Negro might be added to these. I quote from a letter recently received from a student-friend: "Just as I begin to feel patriotic and clamoring to do my bit, along comes something which makes me feel as no citizen wishes to feel toward his country. Yet I am an American and am willing and wish to serve my country at any price where I can do the most good."

So the facts gathered in this message for the New Year have sprung out of war conditions. But they will remain after the war is over, and they are the earnest of other steps of progress yet to be made. Surely, we may read the handwriting upon the wall—it is hopeful and we may take courage.

FROM THE CANTONMENTS

III

THE first step in good composition," said our English professor, "is the gathering of the material." The letters received from our men in the cantonments illustrate that this first step is being taken by them. Our young men are having experiences full of interest and which they are describing graphically. These letters seem to me too costly to keep to myself and unless the letter has a too personal note I find myself sharing them with their friends and with my friends. And this is not altogether my own habit, for one of them writes, "Your letter has been read by each of the school comrades with me in camp." A clipping from a northern paper contains the rumor that the 92d division, "our" division, is now undergoing intensive training preparatory for early removal to the western front; and we may be sure that the letters that we shall be receiving from "somewhere in France," will be drawn out of the new and interesting material that the battle-scarred front offers. And this calls up a suggestion made by the government, as to the quality of our own letters to our boys in cantonment or at

the front. "Write to the soldiers," we are told, "but write cheerful letters." Let the soldier feel "that his family and his friends stand behind him in the great enterprise that he has undertaken."

In the same line I quote from a letter written from the front and recently published. "The evil temptations that surround a camp can best be met by the soldier who feels himself in close touch with the standards of his bringing up, and correspondents will do well to keep the tone of their letters on a plane that will invigorate the morale of their boys in France. . . . Boys who do not hear often from home or who get depressing and commonplace letters are much more likely to slip or fall than those whose families supply them with constant moral and mental refreshment." And the writer continues, "This advice applies not only to parents and wives but to girl friends who should remember that as our soldiers come closer to the stern realities of life, they mature quickly and judge things more and more by their intrinsic value. When they finally come home they will not be satisfied with the trivialities that may have come to them before the war. They will be disappointed if they do not find a serious mental attitude to correspond with their own maturity of thought."

The items that come to mind at this time gather around one cantonment, that of Camp Sherman, Ohio. Here the United States has established a Sig-

nal Service Battalion, and in this battalion a goodly number of our own youths have been placed. A good deal that is pleasant has been said about Camp Sherman. One young man writes, "Camp Sherman has been called the ideal camp of America. I rise to confirm this statement. Y. M. C. A. number 75 has colored secretaries and is usually considered a Colored Y. M. C. A.; but any soldier can go to any Y. M. C. A. and sit and read or write or attend any lecture he pleases and not a word of contempt is uttered, nor is any one 'jim-crowed.' The same freedom holds in theaters, in ice-cream parlors, and everywhere. One feels like an American."

The largeness of the military life from the business side makes a strong appeal to our youth whose business experiences have necessarily been limited. "It is marvelous," writes one, "how our government is able to collect clothes and food for so many and without apparent over-exertion of any one. Yet, here we are by the hundreds, well clothed and well fed, and that regularly, too. But more remarkable is it, how all these men can be compelled to work and how every one down to a single man is accounted for. But in addition to the general army discipline, such as everybody's going to bed or getting up at a certain time, or doing any sort of labor without murmur, yet the boys of the Signal Corps have experiences that call for initiative and coolness that are not to be passed over lightly."

“For the prime function of the Signal Corps is to TRANSMIT INTELLIGENCE . . . and when given a bit of information to find or to transmit, NO EXCUSE will be accepted as a sufficient reason for failure. Just how one will convey his message when his comrades and his apparatus have been wiped out by the enemy depends upon his initiative.”

The writer adds, “I am working harder than I have ever worked in my life. I can take twelve words a minute from a wireless receiver. Fifteen accurately per minute are required. Thirty is the highest record ever made. One of your boys takes eighteen a minute.” The wireless signaling has superseded other forms of signaling at the front, as these expose the sender to the Teuton sniper whose sure aim instantly destroys the hand or head that rises into view.

Stress is laid upon accuracy in sending messages. “One wrong word inserted may result in the loss of thousands of our comrades. We have a wireless station on the top of our barracks, and the more advanced men get the war, weather, and baseball news directly from the government stations at Annapolis and Arlington. We feel proud that our country has entrusted so important an office to us. We shall perform our tasks like men.”

The good feeling which Camp Sherman illustrates is matched by similar good feeling elsewhere. One writer in a published article says of Camp Dodge,

"There is a large contingent of Negro troopers here. It is interesting to note that there has been practically no friction resulting from race prejudice. Even the Northern soldiers salute the colored officers without any protest." Speaking of this to an officer from another cantonment, he replied, "The same is true of our camp. The relations of the races are perfectly friendly."

There has just come to hand a photograph of a colored company officered by colored officers. A hundred and thirty men are in the picture, and as they stand with rifle "at rest" each man looks every inch a soldier. This particular picture has a special interest for me for of the four officers, three have been in my own classes, and because of this fact the picture has come to me. And as I look at those faces, each of which looks straight back at me, I can discern individual characteristics despite the uniformity of the khaki which they wear. And there comes again to me with a force I can not measure, the thought that here is Africa defending America; that portion of our citizenry that has not always felt the full measure of our Democracy still standing guard and preparing soon it may be to go over the top in defence of the principles of the Pilgrim and the Puritan. And I am wondering as I continue to look at the picture, what shall take the place of "war" in the new world that is to be and that is becoming, that shall unite men and shall build up the

sentiment of "loyalty" to country as the fact of war these past twelve months has built up among us. Peace seems to be divisive, to separate men into groups; war unites. Peace develops group consciousness, selfishness; war dissolves all class lines and makes all brothers. There is a striking phrase in a little volume bearing upon the situation in which the world finds itself, which goes after this fashion,— "Through that war (1870) France took her soul out of the custody of an Emperor and handed it to her people; through the same war, Germany placed her soul in the hands of an Emperor. Defeated France, rid of her Bonapartes; victorious Germany, shackled to her Hohenzollern!" Perhaps America this past year has found its soul.

I am sure that these men have found their souls. They have made the supreme sacrifice. How soon they may be called upon to carry this out in action none of us can tell. If they come back from France it will be as freemen; if they do not come back they will have fought to make us free. And so, my brothers in khaki, trained to be soldiers by my own students, my prayer for you is but a paraphrase of the prayer in the Garden, "not that these should be taken out of the world, or necessarily left in the world; that I leave to circumstance and to the Divine Will. But, Righteous Father, whether they come back to us or present themselves at the last reveille, may they in either case have been kept from

the evil of the world, and come to us or to You wearing the 'white flower of a blameless life.' May they possess their souls!"

THE UNIVERSITY AND THE CHURCH

IN a recent lesson in Sunday School one topic raised the question, "What have Foreign Missions done?" Twenty-five phrases characterized this work. Of these I select but one as pertinent to the point I wish to discuss. "Foreign Missions have greatly extended the markets of America by creating in Oriental peoples a thousand appetites which only international trade can supply." This means, I take it, that international trade is one of the by-products of Foreign Missions.

Sitting in the library a few days ago, I opened a new book on Commercial Geography, and read a sentence like this: "Originally commerce was largely a matter of transporting luxuries; today the commerce of the world is largely devoted to carrying the great staples which enter into our living." And I wondered if this too, were a by-product of Missions, and if in a true sense we are less and less exploiting those nations that produce certain luxuries of our modern life, and are instead exchanging with them for those things which have become their necessities.

And this calls up a statement which I cannot

place, in which the speaker asks, "Why should I go to the heart of Africa and try to give to the people there the things of our Western civilization, of which they know nothing and care nothing?" And the answer must be "This will build up international trade."

Two philosophies are warring in our educational world. The one came to us with the Pilgrim Fathers, university men, some of them, who early established at Cambridge and elsewhere universities of the type with which they were familiar, schools in which the training of the mind and the power of thought was the main object. To a large extent this fundamental purpose still dominates the university life of America. The other philosophy deals with practical efficiency, and with the problems of practical life. In a sense these two schools of educational thought are approaching each other. But also in a sense they are widely apart. In a recent educational gathering in this city, at which these two philosophies came into conflict, one speaker remarked with emphasis, "We must remember that the open door in China was forced upon European nations by an American statesman, trained in the American university."

I confess that as I get a clearer insight into the thought of this newer school, I appreciate more and more its tendencies and its purposes, and I also see, though dimly, the common meeting ground of these

two schools of educational thought. But I also remind myself that the situation in which we find ourselves at this time seems to have arisen out of worship of efficiency and practicality, and the domination of things which the German nation so well exemplifies, and which borrowed from Germany has so markedly affected the teaching of today. And I find myself wondering if, after the war closes (if any remnant of our civilization is left when it does close), I say, I wonder if we shall not return to the university idea of the past, when the humanities and literature, and pure philosophy and religion, were the ordinary subjects of the curriculum, with the classics thrown in, all coupled to the notion of high thinking and fine living.

Be this as it may, I confess again to feeling that if the people whom the Civil War set free were trained in ideals it was well for them that the schools established by Erastus Cravath at Nashville, by Edmund Asa Ware at Atlanta, and by others in other places, were established by men trained in universities whose philosophy was idealistic rather than in our more modern schools whose philosophy tends to the practical.

It is an interesting fact that the Morrill bill, which is behind the state universities with their emphasis upon practical matters, was passed about the time that the Civil War closed, so that the only type of college that could come to the aid of the

Freedmen was that of the type antedating the war. So we must credit to the schools of that type the initiation of that progress and much of the progress itself of the Negro of which he and his friends are so justly proud. And this progress takes many forms, economic, social, educational, religious.

And I repeat here something said elsewhere in another connection. Standing upon the steps of Stone Hall, a Southern white man said to me, "This school must mean a good deal to the colored people of Atlanta!" I replied, "This school means much to the white people of Atlanta. In terms of money it is worth a million dollars a year to the city and the state." And this is true of Atlanta because the war had hardly ended before Storrs School, Storrs Church and Atlanta University were presenting, not so much the practical things of life, as the ideal things of life; and these institutions with their sister institutions have "developed so many appetites" and standards among the Freedmen which only interstate commerce could supply.

I used this argument once with a shrewd business man, telling him that his business and all business in this country was larger and more profitable because of Atlanta University; I doubt if he appreciated the statement, but this fact gives warrant, if one is needed, to the demand upon business men that they support and endow these schools for the Freedmen's children and grandchildren.

The most significant event in the history of Atlanta is the opening of Storrs School, on that memorable morning when the colored boys and girls of Atlanta saw a white man carrying in wood to keep them comfortable, and who, having made them warm, opened up their souls to ideals of life and fed those ideals. Such was the influence of that incident and that year, that in the half-century since of the history of Atlanta University, the university has not been able to overcome the tendency of colored folk to settle around Storrs School. And this tendency has made the fourth ward the great colored ward of the city.

The bit of land on the corner of Houston street and Piedmont avenue is historic ground. It is not too much to say that on that spot was born democratic education for Georgia, white and colored. When the American Missionary Association yielded up its claim upon Atlanta University, it generously gave the university all the property around the university to which the association had any claim. It has always been a matter of regret to me that the association could not or did not see its way clear to give to the colored people of Atlanta the site of Storrs School, to be held *in perpetuum*, for their civic, social and educational betterment. The few thousand dollars received for the property were small in comparison with the preservation to the col-

ored people of a bit of ground so wrought into the fiber of their history.

If we may accept the statement of Southern writers, that the wealth of the Southern states before the war was developed out of the labor of the Negro, we must believe that under that regime he was fairly efficient. If we may interpret the cry from the Southland because of the exodus of Negro labor, drawn North by a vacuum in the labor market as evidencing present day efficiency we may perhaps be excused if we think that efficiency comes with the demand. And if so, then we may also rejoice that the first teachers who met the Freedmen and their children touched the sleeping souls of their students and awoke them to ideals.

“BON VOYAGE”

THE telegram came in May. It said, “Your friends, who have become my friends, have received orders to prepare to leave for some port of embarkation.” The telegram told two things, that the same lovable qualities that endeared these youth to us had made friends for them at the cantonment, and that the event for which our boys had been nearly a year in expectation and in preparation was about to occur. I advertised the fact somewhat widely among their friends, and telegram and letter went promptly across the spaces. Back came a reply, “Our departure has been delayed by congestion of traffic on the roads and at the terminals.”

This gave a breathing space, and somehow as the fact stared at us, the courage came to meet it. There was time now for some last things, some messages of affection, perhaps some prayers. All at once there came a bunch of cards, mailed en route, and a telegram that came first, but the cards in order stated, “We are in the station at Chicago being served by the young women of the canteen;” “We are journeying through Canada;” “We have been detained twelve hours at a little town in New York

on a siding, and the town turned out and gave us a royal send-off." The telegram announced the arrival in New York and being quartered at Camp Upton. That was Saturday, June first. The telegram reached me Sunday. I sent back a night letter, "If there is any certainty of your remaining until the tenth I will see you off," and the reply came back, "Come at once, by Saturday, if possible."

Now, the boys had come to see us in October and I had said to one of them that if they were in the country in the vacation I would go to see them. And the opportunity was mine. The journey to New York I will not describe, but it seemed as though every interference possible to hinder presented itself. Early Sunday morning I reached the metropolis, and took the first train for Camp Upton. It took four hours and a half to cover the seventy miles across Long Island. We waited an hour and a half at Jamaica and troop train after troop train in endless procession went back empty to the camp. And then came the question, Had these trains conveyed our boys away in the night, had we missed the purpose of our journey and were we too late? And some had gone the night before. Gone! the trains took them somewhere, where, perhaps, they boarded the transports and there waited—a day, it may have been a week—when, unannounced, the ships slipped from their moorings and under convoy

of cruisers and destroyers began the voyage to "some port of France."

Thus our men from Camp Sherman had slipped out into the night and men from Camp Grant were busied with preparations to leave at midnight, but my welcome at the barracks had a warmth which remains with me still. They were a busy company, these officers, so recently students in our colleges; the last things were being done to perfect the equipment. But they were not too busy to look after my creature comforts and three times in twelve hours I ate as soldiers eat and was satisfied. And now and then one gave me a few minutes and we had heart to heart talks, such talks as are possible only in the presence of great movements. And once, "the boy" brought two soldiers' kits and we sat and ate a meal together as we had done many a time before, and it seemed like a sacrament. I must not omit to mention the words of praise for our Georgia boys and the way they carried themselves during the summer at Fort Des Moines.

At two o'clock Monday morning the two companies quietly gathered along the street between the buildings, with overcoats and packs. There was no noise, no confusion. These 500 men were beginning their great adventure and something of solemnity marked their bearing. And I stood and watched them as they lined up and waited. Two of their officers stood with me, the two boys who

were nearest to me of all that company; they were my own students, and something of the spirit of the men in the street below came to me, and throwing one arm across the shoulder of each of my boys, I said: "Lads, it seemed last June, and last October as you started for Fort Des Moines or for your cantonments, that I could not let you go, but to-night my feelings have changed. I rejoice to see you enter upon your great work. There are now no unshed tears. I am glad to see you go." And then my own boy piloted me to my lodging place for the night. Then came the drum beats and I knew the men were leaving, and in a few moments I heard the sound of departing trains and the men from Camp Grant were swiftly borne away and no word has yet come as to their progress upon the great ocean and toward France.

I had missed the men from Camp Sherman: Those from Camp Grant I was with for twelve hours, and I saw them off to France. Monday I spent with the men from Camp Dodge, and I met them all, and with most of them I had a chance for a real conversation, and a conversation takes time. Again I ate with soldiers as a soldier, and at these meals I met and exchanged ideas with officers that I was not likely to have met under other circumstances. I spent several hours upon the training field and saw our own student-officers training their own men. Perhaps I should say watching their men, for the

drill was being left to the non-commissioned officers. I saw, therefore, not our own men training but the results of their training. I was pleased with what I saw. I had to be. I recall that a group of officers and myself were watching an evolution when I noticed a double rank of men, thirty-two abreast, bearing down upon us. I wondered what must happen, for we were manifestly in their way, and I confess to an impulse to run. But as the platoons were not more than three feet away then rang out a sharp command which might have been "to the right, march," and the men instantly deployed in double file at right angle to their previous direction and we were safe. I was especially pleased with the attitude of the officers toward the men. I recall a "right wheel" that worked badly, for at the word "halt" the line was curved and not straight. And the sergeant in command in a most patient and kindly way explained how it happened—I think the fault lay with the man around whom the wheel is made—I think he should lose a step, but I am not military enough to be sure; however, the courteous manner of the officer remains with me, though the instructions do not, and the men a moment later repeated the movement, and "halt" came to a perfect alignment.

Something of this I had seen before. The next was the bayonet drill and this had a curious interest, and as the bayonets were in their sheaths this

seemed only a variation of rifle practice. But later I found a group drilling with naked bayonets upon dummies and here the real intent of the bayonet was made evident. I will not attempt a description. It stands out the most distinct item of the day. And I am sure that if to those men comes the chance "to bayonet" or to "be bayoneted" they will take the initiative.

And what I saw at Camp Upton I doubt not is being rehearsed somewhere in France to-day for the Camp Dodge men who left during the week, and they with their confreres from Camps Grant, Sherman, Dix and Meade are a part of the million and more of American soldiers now in France, and I find myself jubilant over the fact that they count in the army fighting for world-liberty. And my prayer for them now is the old prayer with a new phrase—"that these Thy sons and our sons, this particular group, may have an opportunity for a service so significant that it shall stand out and be recognized as the nations of the world gather around the peace table and debate the great questions there to be adjusted."

NOTE: Since this article was written the Red-Cross card stating that "the ship on which I sailed has safely arrived over-seas" has been received. These cards are posted as the men enter the transports, and so far as I know, there is no limit to the number each may post. They are mailed from

the port of embarkation as soon as word is received of the safe arrival of the ship abroad. They thus reach the persons addressed at least two weeks before a letter can come. These cards are mailed without postage. The first word to me from abroad is dated June 23rd, and was just three weeks in coming across. So the Red Cross cards precede any personal communication by more than two weeks. The comfort of thus early knowing that our sons had safely passed through the war zone is not measured in words. They and their men are now completing their training in France. They can hardly enter the second division of the American army, the second 250,000 to be ready for the firing line by the middle of August, but they may be a part of the third division and ready for the front in the fall.

WITH THE MEN IN KHAKI

MOST of us would be willing doubtless if once in a while with the other things we slough off, we could slough off our personal identity. And yet there are times when we are glad that through the passing years we retain enough of ourselves to remind our friends that we are the same selves in a true sense that we were. And so as I stepped off the train; and the boy now grown to man met me I was glad that despite the ten years that had elapsed since we parted, and despite the disguise in the shape of the uniform of an army "Y" secretary that he wore, enough remained of the lad that I had known to identify him and as we clasped hands the decade of years slipped out of sight and we took up our friendship at the point where it had broken off.

A well-groomed machine took us quickly over the good roads and the six or seven miles to the cantonment and having been stopped by the guard that looked upon me disapprovingly, but accepted the authority of the "Y" secretary we shortly found ourselves at the Y. M. C. A. building. I had written the "boy" that I could eat off a "kit" and sleep on a "cot" but as I looked upon the little room set apart

for my use and, noted the flood of light through its three windows, the simple but effective furnishings, and the shelves filled with books whose titles made me long to read their pages, and the wish came that the forty-eight hours of my visit might be forty-eight days. My room opened upon the auditorium and every time I passed through I saw a dozen or more men in khaki writing letters. In many cases it seemed a struggle, and as I glanced at the pages, the handwriting was crude and unformed. But they were getting the letter-writing habit, and each letter would get somewhere and tell some one not only the happenings of the day or the week, but by word or by implication tell the receiver of the love and remembrance of the writer.

I was a little disappointed at the meals to find that the secretaries do not eat out of kits. But the table furnishings were exceedingly simple, and the meals I ate those days at the barracks seemed like a prolonged picnic. And I am wondering now, as I reflect upon the simplicity of our catering, and yet its satisfactory nature, each meal marked by comradeship with men having an exalted mission, if it is worth while to make so much of creature-comforts. Perhaps one outcome of the war will be a return to a more simple life.

After breakfast I was invited to the morning conference of the secretaries. Here I found I had met three out of the five present, the force being short

by one man who had been sent to another camp. After a brief religious service, a discussion arose as to the carrying on the work of the absent man until his successor came, and it was enheartening to note the team work, as each offered to do not a little but as much as possible of the work. After this with the "boy" I went to a barracks where the men were interned; he carried with him "Y" papers and envelopes and stamps to sell. As we entered the mess hall the men lined up. Each bought several stamps. Many bought stamp books; all took sheets of paper and envelopes and I inferred that on that Saturday and Sunday those men were sending last messages home just prior to being entrained for some port of embarkation, and thence to "somewhere in France."

That Saturday afternoon I watched a baseball game between teams of competing regiments. The sun stood at 99 degrees and the white sand of the parade ground made looking difficult. But I stood out a large part of the game and I saw something that I had never seen before. The batter made a home run to have it counted "foul"; made a similar strike and a home run to have that likewise a "foul"; and then lost out on three strikes. But even more interesting to me was it to watch the athletic director of the "Y," and I decided that if I only could do it, that would be the work I would like.

But after supper, I stood near the business manager's desk and watched him play the "big brother"

to so many who seemed to need a big brother that to be business manager seemed to me the position of positions. And for a few minutes I played the part. A burly fellow, an overgrown boy, held up a stamp from which the sweat of his body had removed all the mucilage. In a helpless way he had hunted for the glue-bottle; the director was busy. So he looked at me; and I said "wait," and I went to my grip, got out a tube of paste and helped him out. And that act of good will classified me, and a dozen other men came up with stamps that would not stick for a similar courtesy. The last man brought up a bundle and asked me to stick on a "Y" letter head on which he had placed an address. I made a more shipshape bundle for him, sighed as I noted the size of the paper and the smallness of my tube of paste, but put the address in place, and then printed the same more legibly. He looked at me without vocal thanks, but with an air of relief, and said: "You will send it off at once, won't you?" As I looked at the hundreds of similar bundles piled in the gathering room I felt doubtful, but said: "Speak to the director."

This brought up an experience the day that I was "registrar without pay." A mother brought her son to be registered and having shown that he had weak eyes, and a weak heart and was weak-kneed also, she said, as though I was the court of last resort, "You will not send him away from me, will you?"

It being Saturday, the evening entertainment was in the hands of the men themselves. The auditorium was filled. I sat on one side and noted that amid all the hurly burly two men in the center of the hall kept writing letters. I could not have done it. There were solos and quartettes; one young fellow walked a loose wire to our edification, and finally lay down upon it as though to sleep. Then he got up, sat upon a hoop and rolled back and forth until he rolled off. But the stunt of stunts that captured the audience was the boxing. I have thought that the interest for the boxers lay in the boxing gloves that were tied onto their hands. Perhaps they obeyed the Marquis of Queensbury's rules. But they advanced and retreated, and ducked and punched, and when one gave a good blow he was roundly cheered.

Is it that war and religion have a common element? Was it a Sunday habit? or was it the social instinct that brought so many to Sunday school the next morning? The building secretary did a daring thing. He called all the men who could not read or write, or who were in the First Reader to the platform where he could meet them in class. And they came. The others were gathered in groups according to their school grades, and the chaplain took a large class of low grade, too large a class to be a credit to the state that has given such limited opportunities. The most mature class—7th and 8th grades—was given to me. The lesson was upon the

Good Samaritan. After one or two trials to get together, we read verse by verse, and the men read well. When we came to the priest, I asked why he did as he did. There was no lack of reasons relevant and irrelevant. Finally one soldier said—and I can see him now—"Perhaps he drew the social line upon the man." That answer seemed to interest the class. I confessed the thought was new to me; I knew the feeling toward Samaritans, and that pious Jews had no social dealings with publicans and sinners, but among themselves—did the priestly class and the Levites have only business relations with the merchants and farmers? So I suggested that the action of both priest and Levite may have been due to fear from the possible nearness of the thieves. Then we counted up the number of things the Samaritan did. It is a goodly number, and surprised the class. Then the question came, What did the Samaritan forget to do? The man who gave the answer above spoke up, "He did not forget anything." "It seems to me," I said, "that he forgot to draw the social line from your answer; and from mine, he forgot to be afraid." In reply to the question, who is my neighbor? we repeated twice the verse of my childhood:

"Who is my neighbor? He who needs
The help that I can give;
And all the law and prophets say,
This do and thou shalt live."

Finally I put this question, What is the easiest thing in the world to do? The man who had answered my other questions spoke up quickly, "To be good." "No," was my reply, "that is the hardest thing. To make friends is the easiest thing. A kindly look, a handshake, a gentle word, an act of good will are enough. And if this is so why is it that we are so prone to make enemies?" and there the lesson ended.

The Sunday School closed with a bit of evangelism. Under these new surroundings, with this great body of men more or less strangers, facing military drill and the certainty of being sometime at the front, the deeper problems of life must appeal to these fellows as never before. And to the invitation of the religious secretary to declare themselves, both at the Sunday School and at the evening service, a dozen or more men came forward to give the hand of fellowship, and the act was cemented as far as may be by giving a pocket testament, which each received after filling out a card, with the name, the address, the church and the pastor. With this the secretary put the pastor in touch with the man and thus a line of connection was opened. As I observed this twice that Sunday, I wondered if the work of the religious secretary might not be the most interesting.

I was a little nervous over the afternoon—and that brings in a little story. I had met two lieutenants,

for strange to say, in this southern cantonment two men, both college men, had risen from stevedores to second lieutenants by sheer force of merit. They were strong fellows and twice I had long talks with each. And one of them had chanced to say that the men were a hard audience to speak to. "You can call them together, but you must put the 'pep' into what you say or they will get up and leave you." Did he know that I was to speak that afternoon, and was he giving me a little advice in advance? I told the fellows that story which seems to me one of the most significant items in the history following President Wilson's declaration of war, the story of the student movement that gave us first the O. T. C. at Fort Des Moines, then the 626 commissions; then the return of our commissioned officers as training-officers in the various cantonments; then their gathering at Camp Upton in June; and lastly their transfer overseas, where they are now training to go to the front. At the close I showed the picture of the 183rd brigade at Camp Grant, a picture full of light and arrested motion; of its kind I have seen none better. They crowded around it eagerly. At the last one asked, "Are the officers all our men?" "All the line officers are your men," was the reply. "They are fairer to us up there than down here." I had to say, "Yes."

I had another opportunity to watch the men that afternoon as a long procession marched past the

business secretary to purchase stamps. Many letters were written home that Sunday. I saw one man with three. I said to him, "Those will cost you nine cents. You cannot afford to write so many letters. Think how many cigarettes you might have bought with that money!"

"I do not smoke," he said, "nor chew, and so I can write all the letters I wish." By this time a little group was listening as I went on, "Good. When you get over there you can mail your letters free of postage. Remember that your friends here are as eager to hear from you as you are to hear from them. Write them often."

That evening the building secretary took us in his machine around the camp. It is one of the largest, being planned for 100,000 men. What impressed me was not so much the bigness—the rifle range is twenty miles long—as a certain air of permanence and I remarked to my friends, "The government is not only in the business of preparedness, but is in it to stay. Never again shall we be caught unprepared."

After the evening service the "boy" and I walked out in the lighted streets, and finally strolled into the A. L. A. Library. Opposite the entrance were shelves of books marked Technical. Glancing at the titles, they were books on aviation, on gas engines, automobiles, explosives, munitions of war, books I had not heard of and of which there were many

duplicates for the use of the men. The Librarian told us that there were more of these than any other group. In contrast to these were the first readers for men taking their first lessons in books. These are the limits. One item was the 60 or more geometries always in use in the O. T. C. by men studying for examination necessary to their commissions. I reflected that this side of the library seemed adapted to one group and not the other. Yet I could but hope the time was coming when this inequality might be adjusted.

As we sat together late that night, I thought much of the men and the secretaries; what it must mean to these soldiers, gathered from so many localities, many of them of limited education and advantages, to meet these six secretaries, each touching them at a dozen different points, as they realize that these are not working them but are working with them and for them.

Nothing, however, was said on this line. We read two or three short prayers, and separated for the night. Early the next morning we said our last words of "Good-bye" at the station, the "boy" went back to the camp and I continued my journey, feeling that I was closing a wonderful experience, one that I would not willingly have dropped out of an interesting summer.

FROM "OVERSEAS"

IT was six weeks after seeing the men off to France in June, before any word was received from them. Even the Red Cross cards were strangely belated. After letters began to come they came with a pleasing frequency, though these were received weeks after they were written. They were in the main fragmentary and always dated "Somewhere in France." In August, the newspapers gave more information so that I was able to locate our lads in the Vosges mountains and we wrote them that we knew where they were. After this the letters were a little more specific. The writers felt authorized in telling us as much as we already knew. When I saw that these men from the R.O.T.C. were censoring their own letters I was more than pleased to note that no information leaked out through their correspondence. Until the War Department told the world where the 92d Division was, their position and their actions overseas were absolutely unknown.

The possibilities of unintentional information being given out is illustrated in the case of a white lieutenant who wrote his mother that in a canteen

he had been waited upon by Mrs. Vincent Astor. At that time that lady was known to be near Bordeaux and we came to the conclusion rather fairly that his division was located near that city.

This group of letters was written after the armistice was signed and our young men could write freely. These lads had had a wonderful experience and were feeling the first freedom from the duty of censorship. As these letters came, we shared them with one another; they were too costly to be kept to one's self. The letters to students have a frankness not only in the letters themselves but in the diction, which is freer than in the letters addressed to me. This gives them an added interest.

Pont-a-Mousson, France,
Hq. Co. K, 365th Inf.,
A.P.O. 766, A.E.F.,
24 November, 1918.

M*Y dear Father:*

Today is "Dad Day" with us when every soldier is asked to write a letter to his father. Just a short itinerary of my sojourn in France. After leaving the port of Hoboken, N. J., June 10, 1918, I spent twelve days on the deep blue ocean. We landed at Brest, France, the port from which Cæsar is said to have sailed for England. There we remained three days in a rest camp. Then we de-

parted for our first training area, twenty-eight miles southeast of Chamont.

After three days' travel over French railroads in box cars, we arrived at Bourbon Les Bains, from which we walked 8 miles to Parnot where we were billeted. Here we spent some busy, happy days. The people were very hospitable and kind and they did all in their power to make us happy after those hard, strenuous days on the drill ground and manœuvre field. After seven weeks of training we went into the front line trenches. There we worked for a few days with the French before taking the trenches alone. St. Die was where the Division Headquarters were located. From all information that we could ascertain, our company was the first of the 92d Division to occupy the front line trenches. The officers present at that time were Capt. Echols, Lieuts. Burgess, Smith, Nelson and Peters. Here I had my first experiences with a patrol in "No Man's Land." After spending 22 days in the front line and 11 days in the support, our division was relieved to assist the new commander in any details desired. After 24 hours I marched 8 kilometers to St. Die. I joined the company about 4 o'clock P.M. and then the company left St. Die at 5:30. We hiked 45 kilometers to Lavaline. It was a strenuous hike and many fell out. The next morning we took a train for Givry in the Argonne Forest.

Our Battalion was detailed to follow up the ad-

vance with the 77th Division. Here we encountered a few Germans but with no losses. At this time, I was detailed to attend a School of Arms at Gondrecourt. I visited St. Dozier and Toul before my arrival there.

Here I spent a wonderful month in study and work. Then I returned to the Marbach sector where I found my company on X—— hill south of Metz, with the enemy three hundred yards away in Bois de Frehaut and Bois de la Voivrette. After a day or two Capt. Echols took charge of the Battalion as the Bn. Commander was gassed. Lieut. Burgess and the other officers were gassed, leaving me alone with the company. The orders came to go over the top, and I had the chance and opportunity for which you had longed. With a company of two hundred strong and a Sgt. in second command, I led my company over the top. When the armistice was signed we were pressing on the final drive for Peace. My men were in Bois de Frehaut, a previous German position. This is your Christmas letter. We are now resting in Pont-a-Mousson.

Just a little secret to you. I was again recommended for promotion, on Nov. 2. However, there will be no more promotions according to the War Department.

YOUR SON.

Headquarters, 1st Bn. 365th Inf.,
A.P.O. 766,
Amberieu, France.

P*ROF. Webster:*

You cannot imagine how much your most interesting letter of Dec. 4 pleased me. It found me well and enjoying what we term our last days in beautiful France.

The horrors of war are over and everyone is watching with interest the Great Peace Conference and the result of the same. But to the anxious soldier of the A.E.F. comes the question, "When is it our turn to start for America to see the loved ones left behind?" Yet we are anxious to see the results of the great cause we fought for and for which so many of our brave comrades died.

We are blessed at this time with good Y. M. C. A. workers and they are doing their bit to make the anxious boys happy; on January 1, my good college President Hope was my guest for New Year's dinner and how happy I was to have him! During the conversation he spoke of the splendid work of the boys of the Atlanta schools and of course it was with deep regret we had to mention our dear comrades, Rush and Canady. God bless their families and the great cause for which they died!

You spoke of our dear Harry commanding Co. K. in the first line the day the armistice was signed. Yes, it is true, and not only that, he commanded

that company with only the assistance of N.C.O.'s for twelve days in one of the most dangerous positions in the sector. Yes, Harry is a good soldier and a leader of men and when he returns to you and to his school, you can say, "Here is a commander that won the affection of not only the men of his company, but of the entire Battalion of which he was a member, and of the members of other Battalions that knew him."

Yes, I know just how anxious those young men of the S.A.T.C. were to join their brothers in France to put a crushing blow on the Boche, but they did as you told them. They did their bit.

We have a wonderful major for Battalion Commander. He is a young man just 29 years old, but a wonderful man, with brilliant ideas, and a real "American," a real brother. Yes, we love him; he has been with us only since the armistice was signed but no better time when men were worn with the horrors of war could they have sent us such a blessing. He dines with us and discusses questions and gives his ideas. He is a lawyer and has been in the legislature of — (a southern state). He is a man born with new ideas of Democracy for all men. He read to us at supper a few nights ago his platform and among the things he put concerning colored people, were better schools and higher grades, their rights as citizens, and justice by law.

We hope to be home soon, just when we do not

know. But it won't be long. Then we can chat in a more general manner about conditions and future happenings. America would be a fine place to live in and men would be proud of her if such men as the young lawyer I mentioned came out for real Democracy and not for a sham.

Feel proud of your boys who have been in the great war and of those who were willing, those dear mothers, wives and other relatives who have had to suffer. They should be proud of their boys, for great was the cause for which their boys fought.

I must tell you this for fear that I will forget it. An officer in our regiment was in the hospital. He had to censor a letter from a white private from Alabama. And in the letter were these words, "Mamma, I am in the hospital with a number of Negroes. Of course I have to wait on them and they wait on us, and some of our boys are in bad condition. But the wonderful patience they have! and how they wish to share with us! I am a changed boy. I shall always treat the colored man more as a brother when I return, and whenever I have a chance to say a good word for him, I will do it."

I have had wonderful experiences and we wonder if we shall ever relate all of them or shall we forget some.

"Bonne Annee pour vous et famille."

Yours,

LIEUT. —.

France,

October 26, 1918.

MY dear friend Bert:

Your most interesting letter of a few weeks ago was received. I was over-rejoiced to receive your letter, being in the front line where everything from home is good and a place where a piece of newspaper with just six English lines is cherished.

Bert, my dear old pal, I just can picture you and myself for a good time when I return. I long for that day of real good times that we used to have, the days that have passed and gone.

Here is wishing you the very best of success in the Officers' Training Camp and hoping that you will not have to come to the trenches; it is enough for one pal to be in this war and the other to keep the home fires burning until the other return or "*partee tout suite.*" *Comprenez? Wee! Wee!*

It is my hope and desire to be just as the words you quoted. I have seen quite a bit of beautiful France. I have been on many a battle-field, under all sorts of barrages and heavy artillery fire and thus far I am safe and sound. It is the marvelous work of "Our Maker." Harry is a dear boy. I just had a letter from him to-day; he is so thoughtful. I would that I was as good as he. He is an ideal young man. One worthy of the best that there is in life; he will rejoin us in a few days.

I feel ashamed that I have not written Prof.

Webster and a number of other dear friends, but the time has not permitted me. My work requires me on the job at all times. There is no relief for me except when the Division rests and that is not often.

We hope to end this war soon, so that no more of our boys will have to come over to take hands in this dastard struggle.

The Intelligence work is most interesting; it deals directly with the enemy.

An American soldier who is doing his bit, is a soldier whether he be an officer or an enlisted man. Do not think that I would push you aside because I am an officer. He who stood by me when fire was its heaviest, and who, under the heaviest fire on a certain sector for four years, went with me for a kilometer and a half, was no other than my orderly, and I love him.

I have a staff of my own; a fine bunch of chaps;—two sergeants, one corporal and three privates whom I have slept and eaten with for the last two months. These chaps are real workers; they stick with me to the last. We have had hard work but not as yet has a complaint come against us. I have direct charge of 83 men with the aid of the staff mentioned above. I hope to be able to send you some of the samples of my work.

Now that it is school time and I am sure that everything is in its bloom, I wish I was there. I

should like so much to see a real good foot-ball game Thanksgiving; but the game for us will be against the Boche, and the score will be in our favor.

Could you imagine for 29 days in a certain sector, I did not pull my shoes off except for a bath and not again for 16 days?

I have made and studied maps, so that when I sleep, I see them. I even talk about them in my sleep. I hope to be able to continue this work when I return. It is my joy.

It was just at the break of day on the morn of — when I was ordered by the Battalion Commander to get information from our line, when a barrage of a box kind was put down and all communication was cut off from our front line. Shells were falling from all directions but I succeeded in reaching my objective; we were then able to communicate over wire, a message for support was sent. As I was returning and the shelling was still heavy, I met a Sergeant in command of a platoon going with the speed that was at his command to the assistance of the Co. on the right flank. I smiled as he passed; his passing remarks were: "Lieut., here is your platoon going to their comrades' assistance; we saw you go by and we remarked that if you did, we would be your living image and we will do it." It was my platoon when I was in the Company and since I have been on the staff, this Sgt. has commanded the platoon with a soldierly quality and he

was highly praised by the Regiment and by Commanders. I love this lad for he did my will. We then went into other sectors and he continued and finally, in this sector, when he was inspecting his position, he was killed by a heavy shell from the enemy. My soul is sad, for he was a good man. A part of my happiness is now buried with him, I had the utmost confidence in his leadership. Thus is life for soldiers. How many such good men have fallen for the cause of their country! We that are spared to see this day, we know not when our turn will come. I am sad when I write of my dear boy, but I love to tell the story of such a good man.

Bert, my dear Pal, remember me to all the boys and girls and to your dear mother, father and family. Just a prayer for our black boys over here with the tortures of war and the things we had to contend with at home.

May the "God of Heaven" right this world, not only the German people, but our own free-born Americans; and may Democracy pull off her clothes of hypocrisy.

I would that I could tell you all that I want to.
Regards to all.

I am your Pal,

CHAS.

Metz, Germany, Dec. 5, 1918.

D*EAR Pal:*

It is indeed a pleasure to write you at this time. I wrote you a letter some time ago, but due to congestion and delayed mail service, I am in doubt as to whether you received it or not. Hope you and the bunch are getting along all O. K. How are Thomp, Stinson, White and the other fellows? Give them my best regards. Would have written the fellows but have been almost too busy to sleep at times. Tell them all to write a few lines. My regards to the class of '20. Guess you are all very happy over the defeat of Kaiserism. We are feeling a bit proud over here. And I am indeed glad that I had a real active hand in helping to settle up the fuss; and very fortunate for me, that I am still alive and have not lost any of my limbs, only received one slight shrapnel wound, which did not amount to much. Was only in hospital a short while. But during our five days' stay on the firing line, the first time up, we were certainly highly entertained by the Huns. I was Bn. Gas N.C.O. and that was some job; was slightly gassed twice, but nothing serious resulted. My health is better now than any other time since I have been over.

I was in the U.S. Technical Gas School 15 days, received quite a deal of instruction in warfare gas-defence. This trip provided an opportunity for me

to visit Paris a short while and I am crazy about that Burg, the most beautiful city that I have ever seen. Why, it is really a dream, full of "Pep," styles, and fine-looking French girls.

I have had a chance to visit quite a few of the European cities. We landed in Liverpool, England, went to Southampton, London, and other small English towns, before crossing the channel coming into France. France and England are two real countries, they measure up to everything that I have heard about them. A man is really treated as a man over here. No discriminations in any form; we go anywhere and everywhere we want to, and the people are very kind and generous. And the French girls are very beautiful. They are kind, friendly and affectionate. While in Paris I visited some of the largest hotels, theaters and museums, was given the same courtesy, attention and welcome as any other soldier. I really like it well enough to stay here. But one disadvantage, I cannot speak this language. Just a few simple words in my vocabulary. And unless some of these American soldiers poison this country with prejudice, I will always have the highest respect for it, because it is really some country. The white American chaps are very friendly and kind now. We all use the same "Y's" over here, and oftentimes they are joining in with the colored soldiers telling each other about their front line experiences. We are expecting to

leave Metz in a few days but do not know where we are going. It will probably happen that we will be homeward bound real soon. Tell Thomp champagne is almost as free as water over here, also wine costs only from 5 to 15 francs. Well, write me the news real soon. Sincerely your Pal,

Sgt. —,

Hdq. Co., 802 Pioneer Infantry,
A. E. F., France.

Oisseau, April 14, 19—.

MY dear Friend:

Yesterday, I have received your letter dated of the March 24. I am very glad to know how you do and that you are returned in Atlanta. Much American officers and soldiers write to Oisseau, but I have not received letter of Lieutenant Smith. I hope that he is not ill.

If it is a pleasure to write me, it is also a very great pleasure to read you. My father and mother and myself, we have kept a good souvenir of you. Often we think and speak about you. Your stay at Oisseau has not been long enough, because during this time we have had much pleasure, we shall not forget the good moments that we have passed with you, but you must be glad to be returned in Atlanta with your soldiers and your scholars will be glad to see you again.

Remember me kindly to your "fiancee" and the Lieutenant Smith if you see him. All my family is well. If there are faults in this letter, forgive me. Answer at an early date.

Yours respectfully,

NOTE:—This letter with its naïve recognition of faulty English tells better than words of the pleasant relations that existed between the French people and the colored officers, and in many cases the colored soldiers. One cannot but recognize how happy our Negro men "overseas" were to be in a land where their African blood was not a necessary interference to good comradeship.

THE MOTHER COUNTRY

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble, free,
Thy name I love.

IT was on the second day of December, four weeks after the armistice was signed, that I received the following message from Washington:—"Deeply regret to inform you that Second Lieutenant —— Infantry is officially reported as missing in action since October tenth. Fuller information when received."

Asking that a copy of the telegram be mailed to me, I turned to the secretary, gave her the purport of the telegram, and said, "Fortunately I know where the boy was and is, for at the time he is reported missing he was in a school of Advanced Military Practice at Gondrecourt, later, he was with his men as acting captain, and led them 'over the top,' and was in charge of them on the firing line when the armistice went into effect."

That night I telegraphed:

"Harris, Adjutant General, Washington, D. C. Your telegram reporting Second Lieutenant —— missing received. The report is incorrect, as I have

advices from him as to his whereabouts at the time reported as missing and since."

On December 11, the following despatch was received from the Adjutant General's office:—"Cabled for information concerning Second Lieutenant ——. Will advise report when received."

This second word from the busy offices of the capital city moved me more than the first one; it showed behind the awful facts of desolating war, the Mother Country trying to keep in touch with those of us whose sons and brothers were in some way "put out of the fight," and to let us know as early as might be how it went with the soldier-boy who had made, or was likely to make, the supreme sacrifice, or who was as in this case, "missing in action."

The publication of the report in the local press was the occasion of telephone calls and notes from friends of the lad, and it was with great satisfaction that I could always reply, "The report is a mistake. The boy is alive and well and with his men."

This does not end the story. On January 31 there came a third telegram signed "Harris, Adjutant General," and reading: "Lieutenant —, previously reported missing in action since October tenth reported present with organization November thirtieth."

This third message from the office of the Adju-

tant General seemed even more significant than either of the others. For the lad is a colored lad, and in the absence of any close kinfolk, he had given my name as his reference, and my name appears among the war records. Now Our Country has not always been as loyal to him and to his people as it should have been. Even in France, he was made to know that he was a Negro, though the French people, themselves, did what they could to make him realize that he was an American Soldier. But when the report came from overseas that the "boy" was "missing in action," no one in Washington inquired if he were colored or white, or if I were white or colored. In his calamity, if calamity it should prove, his Americanism stood out and the entire machinery of this great government was put to my disposal to prove or disprove the report, and to bring such comfort or solace or assurance to me as the facts would warrant.

Now this simple recital of the effort of the government to keep in touch with the friends of the soldier who makes the supreme sacrifice, or who is likely to make it, or as in this case, whose whereabouts is uncertain, always brings with it a great wave of affection for my country. And this effort on the part of the government to find out the facts, brings to me a realizing sense of the over-shadowing, sheltering and protecting care of the government, and is a parable of the over-shadowing, sheltering and

protecting care of the Almighty Father. And I
sing as though it were a new song:

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble, free,
Thy name I love.

THE MILLS OF THE GODS

IN an issue of the *National Geographic Magazine* shortly after the abdication of the Czar Nicholas, there appeared two maps of the world, one representing the Democratic world of 1776, and the other the Democratic world of 1917. White areas represented democracies; shaded areas represented countries democratic in principle though monarchical in form; and black areas depicted autocracies. In the first map the only white area was that lying along the Atlantic coast of North America, and east of the Allegheny mountains. The rest of the map showed only black autocracy. The other map showed North and South America white, Asia largely white and shaded, Africa and Australia white, and Europe white or shaded, except a black patch extending from the Baltic Sea to the Mediterranean, and taking in Asia Minor, and including the military despotisms of Germany, Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria and Turkey. With this exception the world was largely democratic, either in fact or in principle.

Now this change from a world autocratic to a world democratic took place in 141 years. Meas-

ured in terms of one lifetime this seems long. Let us look at it in another way. My great-grandfather was killed while logging in the early part of the last century. His widow survived him about fifty years, dying in 1862. I never saw my great-grandmother but my sister, as a very young child, met her once. So that the time that elapsed from a world autocratic to a world democratic is covered by the lives of two individuals that touched in the old age of the one and the babyhood of the other as "ships that pass in the night."

As one thinks through the change from autocracy to democracy he wonders that autocratic Europe that hated free America with a hatred beyond words to express, did not combine to attack the new republic and thus wreck the little experiment in democracy at its beginning. Fortunate perhaps it was for us, that the French Revolution and the Napoleonic Wars so occupied the attention of Europe that we were given the time needed to adjust ourselves and to develop a strong front to a possible European interference. A war does not settle questions, it merely opens them, and there must be allowed the element of Time if the purposes of the war are to be accomplished. The American Revolution left thirteen jealous, quarrelsome little nationalities along the Atlantic coast, planning to erect barriers against each other, and only waiting for Europe to be free to pick them up one at a time. It

was the genius of Washington that united these fractious little countries under the Constitution; and the Constitution itself required eight decades for its interpretation and application. What reputations were made in those eighty years! Calhoun, the nullifier; Clay, the compromiser; Webster, the expounder of the Constitution; Lincoln, the savior and the Emancipator.

Even with the Civil War, the war between the States, the Rebellion—call it what you will—a half century has failed in the accomplishment of all that the war was fought out for. Perhaps it was but natural that the South should try to hold on to as much of the old regime as was possible under the new forms. Even here, I sometimes think that the first thought was right. In a little town in middle Georgia—and I doubt if this is an isolated case—the good people got together and debated: “The war is over; the Negro is free; we must educate him for citizenship.” And they established schools and hired teachers, and a promising experiment was begun. Then came the reactionary, a man of influence who had been high in the councils of the Confederacy. He said, “This must not be; it is dangerous; you must stop it.” And so the experiment was dropped before it had fairly begun. Suppose the reaction had not set in; how different the last fifty years would have been! There would at least have been no 13th, 14th and 15th amendments; they

would not have been needed. These amendments crystallize the results of three and a half years of war.

If the plain results of the war of '61 could have been accepted—but they could not have been. Here again the element of Time had to come in. He is a poor student of history who does not see in the more than half century since Lee's surrender that much has been gained; one needs to reckon with a tendency here for the conquered to become in time conquerors. In the eleventh century William of Normandy at the battle of Hastings conquered England and made that country an appendage to Normandy. In three centuries, the historian tells us, by the quiet pressure of ideas, a bloodless revolution had taken place and Normandy had become an appendage to England. While the pressure of the conquered upon the conquerors can be seen in our own problem since '65, he is a man of narrow view and limited faith who does not project himself to the point when the amendments passed as the outcome of the reaction in the south will be accepted in their most simple and obvious meaning throughout the length and breadth of the land.

So much by way of illustration. What we are interested in is the present world situation in which the league of nations and the treaty of peace are before us. Twice at least in history has this situation been matched, at least in kind, though not in

decree. The first was at Runnymede, when the Barons confronted King John and compelled him to sign the Magna Charta, which as the king signed he meant to break. The great charter became the bulwark of our English liberty. The second has already been referred to, the convention which "in order to secure a more perfect union" created out of the thirteen Atlantic states the Federal Republic, known as The United States. I quote from a recent address:

"There was no government prior to the writing of our constitution and the founding of this republic, that could secure for its people either religious freedom or civil liberty, or freedom of speech, or freedom of the press, or security of individual rights, or popular education, or universal franchise; just the securing of any one of those things during all these thousand years had baffled philosophers and statesmen. Immediately upon the adoption of our constitution and the founding of this republic, we began automatically to secure all of these privileges for the first time. We wielded a wholesome influence on other countries and they began to secure them just in proportion as they imitated the ideas promulgated in the constitution."

Now the local situation in 1787 was not unlike the world situation in 1919. The proposed constitution met with discussion and criticism. "Unless," said the opponents, "you write into this constitution some popular fallacies to please the peo-

ple, the constitution will never be adopted. I quote again:

“George Washington had taken no part in the discussion up to that time, but when he heard that statement, he rose from the President’s chair and in tones of suppressed emotion, said, ‘It is too probable that no plan we propose will be adopted, perhaps another dreadful conflict is to be sustained; if to please the people, we offer what we ourselves disapprove, how can we afterwards defend our work? Let us raise a standard to which the wise and honest can repair; the event is in the hands of God.’”

So new, so striking, so startling was the American Constitution when first promulgated, that the writer from whom I have quoted calls it “inspired,” and he calls attention to this fact, that the convention, after meeting daily for four weeks without writing a single word, was on the fifth week about to adjourn and abandon their purpose. At this juncture, Benjamin Franklin addressed the Chair in these words:

“The longer I live and the more I know, the more I believe that God governs in the affairs of men, and if the sparrow cannot fall without His notice, is it probable that an empire can rise without His assistance? ‘Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain who build it.’ I firmly believe this, and I also believe that without His concurring aid, we shall succeed in our political building no better than the builders of Babel. I therefore move you that

from henceforth we open our daily deliberations with morning prayer."

From that moment they made progress.

Now the League of Nations Covenant and the Treaty of Peace are on a world scale what the Constitution was in 1787. Of them a friend in New England writes, "As I understand the League of Nations and the Treaty of Peace, they are pretty bad; but perhaps they are the best we can get under present circumstances. Let us accept them, and amend them as occasion demands as we have amended other constitutions." In the words of Washington, "Let us now raise a standard to which the wise and honest of the world can repair."

In the progress of time, the Germans, who today cling to all they can of the past, will find themselves relieved of the burden of supporting an imperial establishment, relieved of the tax to support a standing army of 4,000,000 men; of the support of a navy that must equal or exceed that of England and be the first navy of the world; and they will find the standing army becoming an army to reinforce the great body of laborers and to relieve the German woman of much of the labor in the field that hitherto has fallen upon her, and will now fall upon the men. In addition to these patent reliefs, as time moves on there will come to Germany as to the United States those privileges that naturally flowed out of the Con-

stitution, a list of privileges that it would be well to be in the mind of everyone:

Religious freedom,
Civil liberty,
Freedom of speech,
Freedom of the press,
Security of individual rights,
Popular education,
Universal franchise.

When the Germans realize these benefits coming to them out of the new conditions, they will understand that the war freed them from a military regime even as the rest of the world was freed from the fear of military domination.

As with Germany, so with her allies. Italy presents a different problem, for Italy is a party to the terms laid down to the Central Powers; yet Italy is not happy. We trembled some months ago when we learned that the Baltic Sea had become a German lake, and also we trembled when the Black Sea, that great trade route between the Occident and the Orient, had likewise become a German lake. And we breathe more easily now that this situation has passed. Now we do not see why the Adriatic should become an Italian lake. Being 4000 miles from Italy, and with our American traditions and procedure preventing, perhaps, a thorough understanding of Italy's position, we do not and perhaps cannot see the situation from the Italian standpoint. Never-

theless Italy must live with France on her west, and the Jugo-Slavs on the east, and it is better to be on friendly terms with her neighbors than otherwise. For, and this is the gist of the whole matter, if there is to be a new world, and that is what we fought for, then the old principle of action, "exploitation," which reached its largest expression in the German demand for world-power, must give way to a new principle in which more of the idea of "give and take" shall rule.

Aug., 1919.

SUPPOSE IT HAD BEEN YOUR SON

AS we sat around our fire in our mountain cabin, the evening paper had for us but one item. A lad whom we knew, a student in my own classes, had been arrested in Cobb County, and the mob had gathered to execute first and to try afterwards. Fortunately some lawyers were present and these with the wit or wisdom of the Sheriff, managed to spirit the lad to Atlanta where for the moment he was safe.

Perhaps the story is best told in his own words:—

“Finishing my work at Cartersville, Wednesday morning, I left there at 2 P.M. Arrived at Kennesaw at 3:40 P.M. I checked my bag at the ticket office of R.R. Station and spent a pleasant hour at King’s Wigwam. Returning to Kennesaw at 5:35 I got my bag from the check room and was sitting on it talking to King in front of the station, when I was approached by a group of countrymen, and told that I was suspected of something, and would have to be carried to Marietta. An old man in overalls placed a long pistol in my face telling me I was under arrest and not to move or he would shoot me. He searched me, finding not even a pocket knife

upon my person. I was made to sit in the white waiting-room with about two hundred countrymen staring at me until the train arrived. I tried to find out what I was suspected of, but was told that I would find out in time. With the gun always entrained on me I was placed in the white coach and taken to Marietta. I offered identification card, etc., to certify who I was, but they were not accepted. Upon arriving in Marietta, I was taken through the heart of the city to the Court House, gun always on me. A crowd of about seventy-five followed me into the Court House. I then found that the charge of which I was suspected was criminal assault upon some woman in Cherokee County, and that my bag had been rifled while checked in the ticket office at Kennesaw, and revolver found which I had within, under all my wearing apparel. Several persons who followed said that if I were the right person there would be a lynching in Marietta that night. I was placed in a cell where there were four criminals. Later, the Sheriff came up, questioned me, and told me that it was a very serious case; that runners had been sent to Cherokee County to bring back the crowd, and that the cry of lynching him was already in the air at Marietta. I told him of having been in Cartersville Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday morning. Through Mr. A. King, to whom probably I owe my life, two lawyers of ability were immediately put upon my case. They

came to see me telling me that my father had been telephoned and was on his way to Marietta, of the danger that I was in, and that they were trying to get me out of there.

"Later the Sheriff came up, all lights were turned out in the jail. He warned us to be as quiet as possible, as the danger was great and that I was to be taken to Atlanta if possible. Later I was taken out of the jail through some side way . . . placed in a high powered car in which we raced for Atlanta. The Sheriff told me that there were more cars and more people in Marietta than there were at the lynching of Loo Frank. In fact they had very little hope of getting me through. We reached Atlanta about 10:50 P.M. without being molested. I was allowed to call my mother up and talked with her for about ten minutes. The Sheriff told the jailer that he did not believe that I was the right party. He was very nice to me and just before we reached the jail he stopped and bought me a lunch. Later Daddy came down with the lawyers. He found a number of friends there waiting. The night in jail was horrible. I was allowed to remain in a room where prisoners roam during the day, and had a bench to sleep on. The next morning innumerable people came to see me. About 11 A.M. the brother of the woman who it was claimed was assaulted came down and, after much deliberation, said that I wasn't the party. I was released about twelve with a hun-

dred dollar bond for having a weapon in my bag. The lawyer's fees cost Daddy over three hundred dollars.

THINKING BLACK ABOUT AFRICA

A YOUNG friend of mine, a former student, now studying in a Northern University, sent me, just before he was called to the colors, a thesis prepared for some class purpose entitled "Thinking Black About Africa." The argument was that Africa or the desire to possess Africa was the cause of the war. Europe has become a congeries of manufacturing nations during the past half century and each was looking for a world market and for a source of raw material. Shut out from the Western continent by the Monroe Doctrine, they had turned toward and had partitioned off the Dark Continent. The argument further declared that the proper settlement of the African riddle was "Africa for the Africans," and that any peace that settled the African problem from a European standpoint was foredoomed to failure. The leadership of Europe was accepted that in time Africa might be brought into the family of nations; but the slogan was, "Africa for the Africans."

The students of Atlanta University will recall a visit some months ago from two Frenchmen, and will also recall a characterization made at that visit,

that in the order of beneficent administration and the opening of opportunity for the African, himself, the nations stood in the order, France, Great Britain, Germany. France, as the most democratic country of the world, was giving the largest opportunity to her African subjects.

The new map of Africa shows Germany eliminated. German East Africa, German Southwest Africa and German Kameroun have either passed to the control of Great Britain or have been divided between France and Belgium. The German plan of a railroad from the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean has become a dream; and the railroad from Cairo to Cape Town across territory controlled by Great Britain is becoming an accomplished fact.

One of the most significant items of the World War is this, that the component parts of the British Empire have been unstinted in their aid to the Mother Country in her dire distress. There must be something in the English manner of handling her distant possessions that makes them loyal. This we might have expected of Canada, South Africa, and Australia; but that India and the Dutch of South Africa so recently conquered in the Boer War should not fail in the emergency, surprises and pleases. Now does this partition of Africa among the Allies have in it the promise of an Africa for the Africans? I am afraid the answer must be "no"

unless a new spirit comes into the world. And this I am expecting.

This leads far afield for the answer, for the answer comes not from Africa nor from Europe but from America. I am much interested in a chapter entitled "The American Character" in a little book by Dr. Francis G. Peabody of Harvard University. "What is it," he asks, "then, in this vast economic development, which may prove disastrous to the American character? It is the confusion of the spirit of industrialism with the spirit of commercialism. Industrialism is creative, constructive, educative. It is engaged in making things which other people want, or in bringing things where other people want them. It is the organization of production and distribution. Commercialism, on the other hand, is a habit of mind, a social creed, a trader's point of view, which estimates all things by the money-standard, and hopes to obtain by money things which money cannot buy. Good and evil, success and failure, are, to the spirit of commercialism, not ethical but monetary terms."

I like the distinction, and I recognize the danger of becoming commercialized. But in the industrialism of the nation, Dr. Peabody sees a real idealism. "By one of the most dramatic coincidences of history, the same nation which has become thus committed to commercial enterprise, is at the same time the heir of a great tradition of moral and religious

idealism. The early settlers of the Western continent were not freebooters and buccaneers, tempted across the sea by the lust of gold, but sober and God-fearing exiles, seeking freedom to worship God after the dictates of their own consciences." The Pilgrims and the Puritans who settled New England bear evidence of this; as do the German Pietists, the Moravians and the Quakers who settled Pennsylvania; the Catholics who sought Civil Liberty in Maryland, and the Huguenots who sought a shelter in Charleston. This same idealism, the thought is, shows itself in the voluntary support of two hundred thousand churches valued at a billion dollars, as against the State Church of the European countries where the bishops are appointed by the prime minister, and the clergy are government officials. More than this, it shows itself in the vast missionary movement, financed from the "gains of commercialism" and not supported by the government. And we may add to this, the establishment and the endowment of our colleges and universities, before and since the establishing of the State Universities; and to these, the establishing of all those beneficent institutions which endeavor to share with the less fortunate, some of the results of our industrialism. But on a still larger theater the same idealism shows itself in the nation's attitude toward world problems; the "Open Door" in China; "disinterested candor with Japan has won that proud nation to a confidence which even the

hysterical animosity of legislators has not yet been able to destroy"; our attitude toward Cuba and Spain, as the outcome of the Spanish War; and our showing a new method of dealing with subject peoples as with the Filipinos, where we have exchanged the principle of exploitation for that of building up a people to a personal national life. "Even the politicians of the United States have come to realize that a candidate who would win popular applause must be—or at least pretend to be—a moral idealist, promoting a cause which the conscience of the people should support. . . . "The largest and finest expression of this fundamental note in the American character is offered in the story of the past two years. After years of patient and long-suffering neutrality the American people were summoned to abandon their commercial independence and to take part in a world-war; and in words whose eloquence of phrase is matched by their depth of feeling, the representative of American opinion speaks for a united country. 'We have no selfish ends to serve. We desire no conquest, no dominion. We seek no indemnities for ourselves, no material compensation for the sacrifices we shall freely make. We are but one of the champions of the rights of mankind. We shall be satisfied when those rights have been made as secure as the faith and the freedom of the nations can make them.' "

Thus speaks America at its highest and best. This

is the new spirit that is in the world. It is principally new to Europe, where the secret treaties, bolstering up selfish ambitions, have been the story and the history. They do not understand it as yet. But that spirit of generous idealism is in the world; it came to America with the Pilgrims in the *Mayflower* three hundred years ago come next year; it has become the fundamental note of our history and of our diplomacy; it controls the action of one hundred and twenty millions of people in America today, and it has made its entrance into world politics, during and since the World War as never before.

And it is here that I look for the solution of the African riddle, and an Africa for the Africans, the increasing spirit of idealism that shall more and more control in national and international affairs.

God hasten the day!





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